



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

N  
H

THE MORN  
THAT COMETH

600070716R









1

2

3

4

5

6

THE MORN THAT COMETH





# THE MORN THAT COMETH

OR

## EARTH'S RENOVATION

*"We, according to His promise, look for a new heaven and a new earth, wherein  
dwelleth righteousness"*



LONDON

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR BY

J. S. VIRTUE & CO., LIMITED, 26, IVY LANE

PATERNOSTER ROW

1882

*(All rights reserved)*

280 . i . 367 .

THERE is a divine unity in many of the greatest contrasts.  
The extremes of justice and mercy, gentleness and might,  
Centre in the highest.

They run, like two parallel streams,  
Through all God's works ;  
They are seen in all His government  
Of the sons of man.

Therefore,  
“ Behold the goodness and the severity of God.” •

---

AND there shall be no more death.  
Behold ! I make all things new.†

---

COME, my people, enter into thy chambers and shut thy doors about thee,  
hide thyself as it were, for a little moment, until the indignation be over-  
past.‡

• Rom. xi. 22.

† Rev. xxi. 4, 5.

‡ Isa. xxvi. 20

## PREFACE.

---

OUR object in these pages is to speak of the justice and mercy, the might and gentleness of the Almighty God to man; and to show that there is a divine unity in His government—even in the contrasts of His providence, which we are often able clearly to perceive arise from one common centre and contribute to one ultimate end.

In spite of our present very limited knowledge and capacity, we often see the richest blessings flow from God's severest training and chastisements, and the greatest good arise eventually out of what seemed to us at the time almost unmixed and hopeless evil; good which, but for the evil, could not, as far as we know, have existed at all.

Here we advance to nobler life, through suffering and sorrow, through difficulty, adversity, and repulse. We make our highest, surest progress towards holiness, light, and victory through fierce antagonism or sore defeat.

Thus doth God often cure evil by evil ; he causes sin to consume itself, and death to be its own destruction—for death itself shall die.

Much in these pages is drawn from the Word of God ; and, had it been practical, it would have been preferred to have moulded some quotations into a form more in keeping with the rest of the piece. Yet here poetry has not been the aim, but truth ; and it is not deemed essential to all poetic thought that it should flow on in one uniform stream, but rather that it should be free to rise or fall—to change or modify its expression with the varying tones of feeling or idea. In human life poetry and prose are inseparably associated, and in their harmonies the mind of man attains its highest elevation.

We do not here pretend to offer any explanation of prophecy ;—our belief is according to St. Matthew xxiv. and 36, that of the day and the hour of our Lord's return knoweth no man ; not the angels in heaven, but the Father only, and that as a snare it will overtake all the inhabitants of the earth ; and if that great day be hidden, the dates of its antecedents and of its sequences must to some extent be also concealed.

Therefore, we dare not attempt to form any distinct plan of the future ; for to map out the exact order of coming events, even from the numerous prophetic data given, will, we believe, baffle alike the wisest and the weakest of uninspired intellects.

Therefore, these chapters are for the most part without

connection as to time or chronological order, but profess to be merely contrasted scenes illustrative of God's doings in man's history, past, present, and future as far as foretold, and are gathered from revelation, life, and imagination.

It may be objected that the views in the first part of this piece are too gloomy. But our first question should be, not what is bright, but what is true; and surely it would be more sad, that our little bark should be left to glide gaily along on quiet waters and under sunny skies, unchecked, to breakers from which no sail returns, than that it should be disturbed ever so rudely in the midst of untimely merriment, and urged with ever so desperate energy, to turn instantly aside, if so it may escape the irresistible power of a current that soon would make of it a hopeless wreck, and leave it to be tossed by the wild waves' fury.

To know the times and the seasons is not always ours; to believe, to watch, to pray, and to live in readiness for the coming of our Lord is, in all times, the duty of His people. Yet might it not be possible that God should discover to us in this age, although He has purposely concealed it for so long, an unexpected corroboration of His Word, to be now as a light shining in a dark place to revive the souls of His people in the blackest night of this world's history, with the sure hopes of its brightest dawn? May He not open the eyes of some to perceive a new development of Revelation, with sure credentials pre-

pared in long ages of the past, and wondrously preserved—the promised sign reserved for such a time—to strengthen faith and tell us that all is coming to pass as God at first ordained, and to assure our hearts of His approach with no uncertain sound? And when, alas, even love seems dying out, and truth is overpowered, and faith failing, and blind scepticism mocking, and honoured science herself is so often perverted and bewitched by evil powers to dishonour and deny her God, and new philosophy has wandered far in the vague twilight of unknowables, yet without erecting like the heathen of old, a temple to even the Unknown God—May He not, in pity for our race, make the very stones to speak unequivocally in the still small voice of divine truth, and bear witness to the Great Creator, and to the Son of God, in lack of human witnesses like those colossal minds of antiquity who were not ashamed to own that their highest delight in searching after knowledge was, that it brought their human life into purer air—nearer to God.

But though the Lord be still a God that hideth himself,—and to the careless and faithless world, the unknown God—yet as He moved Noah of old, to prepare an ark to the saving of his house ere He swept clean away the world of the ungodly,—as also on the eve of the fatal judgments that fell on the guilty Sodom, the Lord said, Shall I hide from Abraham the thing which I do?—as He showed his servants Joseph, and Moses, and Daniel, things that should shortly come to pass,—even so will He

give abundant warning to His people as the day of recompenses draws nigh; He will, by His spirit of love, draw them more closely to Himself and enlighten them with sure presentiments of what shall be. So that, though the date of that Great Day must remain shrouded in impenetrable obscurity till its glorious dawn suddenly rejoice the righteous, and amaze the wicked, yet do we still expect that our blessed Lord will afford to His own infallible signs of His approach, which the watching wise will be at no loss to understand and respond to, with the heart's unerring instincts. And while the darkened heavens but lull the careless to sleep, and the heavy thunder-clouds silently gather, dense, and black, and thick, over our evil world, till the red bolts can no longer rest in their indignant breasts, our Lord will, even then, in the midst of their most fiery trials, cheer His oppressed children with bright visions of His coming glory, filling their souls with His divine peace; He will enable them amidst furious strifes, and raging storms, and cruel tyrannies, to lift up their heads as those who *know* that their redemption draweth nigh. And while our gracious Saviour moves His own to flee into the ark—which Noah's pre-figured so well—He will cause them to feel that, as in the days of ancient years, so now, in these latter times, the secret of the Lord is with those who fear Him, with those who hope in His mercy, hearkening to the voice of His word obediently.

Is it not one of the greatest mysteries of this mysterious



world, that the powers of darkness can succeed so far in blinding our race to the miserable but sure consequences of breaking the commandments of God? amusing us with heartless frivolities, or sinful pleasures, or perverted truth deflected from its upward path; or in lulling us asleep in insane indifference, mocking at fear, while rocking on the brink of woeful despair, even when God's awful but merciful warnings are sounding in our ears, and ever and anon His voice of tender pity and remonstrance is calling us back so touchingly to our Father? When shall we be roused from this fatal spell?

Would that we all, a wide-spread brotherhood in many lands, could hear above the world's loud din, the heavenly voices calling, "Come"—and quench your thirst at life's pure fount; and, waking up from our captivity—while there is hope—we might say, each and all, as from one heart, "I will now leave the husks and cruel witcheries; I will arise, go unto my Father, and I will say to Him—I am not worthy to be called thy son; make me but as a hired one, within my early home, that I may catch some glimpses of my Father's face, and feel the guidance of the eye—of Israel's God!"

ACTS x. 33, 34. God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness, is accepted of Him.

MICAH, 6, 8. He hath showed unto thee, O man, what is good ; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.

JOHN vi. 63. It is the spirit which quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing ; the words I speak unto you they are spirit, and they are life.

MARK xii. 29 30, 31. The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord. Thou shalt love the Lord our God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. The second is like this, namely : Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

JOHN 14, 15. If ye love me ye will keep my commandments.

LUKE xii. 40. Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh.

LUKE xxi. 25, 26, 27, 28.—34, 35, 36.



# CONTENTS.

CHAP.	PAGE
INTRODUCTION.—EMBLEMS . . . . .	1
I. THE MORNING COMETH . . . . .	9
II. VISITATION OF THE EARTH BY ANGELS IN THE LAST DAYS . . . . .	25
III. . . . .	36
IV. DESTRUCTION OF THE EARTH BY FIRE . . . . .	40
V. THE JUDGMENT . . . . .	46
VI. . . . .	51
VII. FUTURE PUNISHMENT . . . . .	57
VIII. SATAN SHUT UP . . . . .	75
IX. . . . .	80
X. ONE OF THE MANY MANSIONS . . . . .	90
XI. EARTH'S DESOLATION . . . . .	99
XII. EARTH'S PREPARATION TO WELCOME HER LORD . . . . .	113
XIII. WHAT IS MAN? . . . . .	139
XIV. CALL TO ZION . . . . .	147
XV. SONG OF THE MORNING STARS . . . . .	151
XVI. ANGELS . . . . .	161
THE BRIDE . . . . .	162



# THE MORN THAT COMETH.



## INTRODUCTION.

### EMBLEMS.

THE strongest things can be the gentlest ;  
The wind—how soft it comes,  
With its wild and mournful music :  
It seems as if it penetrated our hearts,  
And shared in every mood of our minds ;  
Buoyant with our bounding joys,  
Or sympathising in every sorrow we feel,  
It comes winningly, softly, soothingly,  
    Then off it is again,  
As if it carried our troubles along with it,  
    Scattering them far and wide  
    To the four ends of heaven.



The sough of the wild wind sweeps now gently  
    Over my heart strings ;  
How wild ! how free ! how unfettered !

Yet deep and touching,  
As the fond hush of a mother's lullaby,  
Singing her fretful infant to sleep,  
    With tenderest care.  
Soft—as a summer's sigh,  
Strong—it is the same mighty wind  
    That heaves up oceans ;  
Fretting, perverseness, all man's trouble, disturbs not it.  
In its own strength it sings on—its music true and tender,  
    It sings on, —  
Till as by mother's magic voice becalmed,  
    A dreaminess steals over us,  
    Rest comes to the weary.  
We take our griefs with us, sobbing as we lie down,  
    Till sleep comes to our aid  
    And whirls them into unreal phantasies,  
Or beguiles them into dreams of happiness ;  
    Thus soothing  
    Our too excited feeling ;  
    Or calling up more joyful fancies,  
    Which though but airy visions,  
    Are yet—

A diversion—from sorrow which day could not effect ;  
A balm—for the wounded spirit ;  
A lull—after the storm ;  
A drop—for the thirsty ;  
A breath—for the panting heart.

These are not fancies only,  
For what are sounds of time  
But far off echoes from eternity?  
And what are outward forms  
But fading images—of the inward and the true?  
And what is music sweet—  
But memory's fetches, indistinct,  
Of blessed harmonies we lost  
When our first mother sinned?  
Earth's wildest, loftiest flights  
Are tame to heaven's truths!  
Mere shadows, fleeting fast,  
Of real things eternal.

---

FIRST EMBLEM—AIR.

What sings sweetly as the summer's breeze amongst the  
trees?  
What comes soothingly—as the mild air of heaven,  
When it rises—like a breath over the waters of peace,  
Or lifts the fragrance from the flowers,  
Sleeping on summer's eve  
Amongst the quiet leaves?  
Emblem then of the Great Father's Spirit of Life,  
Whose breath passes over our souls;  
But who can tell whence it cometh—or whither goeth?

---



Yet what more terrible than the four winds of heaven let  
loose,

When the blasts of fury  
Root up the forests of generations?  
Emblem then of Him, before whose breath  
The earth shall flee away as a scroll;  
Of Him whose voice of wrath  
Can shake a Universe,  
And make it reel to and fro,  
Staggering like a drunken man.

---

SECOND EMBLEM—WATER.

I.

What flows smoothly as water?  
What distills gently as the dew?  
Fit emblem of God's gentle Spirit of Love,  
Descending on our parched hearts,  
In quiet blessing.

II.

But what rages resistlessly as the ocean?  
When the furious winds strive upon its bosom,  
And it labours—working tempestuously,  
Mocking the utmost strength of man's puny arm.  
Fit emblem then of the Almighty's wrath,  
When poured into our world,  
As into the cup of his indignation,  
And the kingdoms roar and toss themselves,  
Even as the mountain waves  
Of the wild deep sea.

THIRD EMBLEM—LIGHT.

I.

Falleth aught gently as the light?  
When it smiles on the delicate flowers,  
Winning them round to feel its power,  
As if by magic spell.

---

II.

Is aught gentle as the mournful moonbeam,  
When it lights down—the calmest of all heavenly things—  
Silent and calm  
In the still night,  
Stealing down, softer than the dew,  
Upon the sleeping flowers?

Yea, gentle also and still  
Are the glad beams of the glorious sun ;  
And mild as the eye of love,  
When with noiseless step he ascendeth gloriously  
To pour a flood of light upon our darkened world ;  
Waking up its energies to life, as by enchantment ;  
Reviving us from the dead, the fair creation,  
A daily promise of the glorious resurrection morn.  
Emblem then of the Holy Spirit of Light  
And Power creative.  
When He ariseth on our darkened hearts  
With healing wings,

Scattering their mists, soothing their sorrows,  
Energizing our deadened souls,  
And purifying their fountains,  
Creating them anew—fit abodes  
For the spirit of holiness.

---

## III.

But what more awful  
Than the same heavenly rays,  
When they shall be sent forth as flames of fire,  
As the breath of the fury of the Omnipotent,  
On an errand of just retribution?  
Commissioned to consummate the vengeance  
Of the Almighty,  
On a race of obstinate rebels,  
On a world—active only in wickedness—  
On it hastens relentlessly,  
That messenger of death.  
Alike to it the loftiest palace and the lowest hovel;  
The rich, in their ungodly pride,  
And the poor, in their unholy discontent;  
Respectable sinners and despised criminals;  
The luxurious city, and the savage wilderness.  
On it hastens—this angel of death—  
Ever hasting, never resting,  
Grasping all—like a living thing—  
In its growing, raging fury;

Roaring, and thundering, and tearing on,  
In its reckless career of desolation,  
Over highest hills and lowest valleys,  
To obey to the uttermost  
The high behests of Heaven's King,  
And burn up the earth, cursed by sin,  
Even to destroy the works that are therein,  
With all the workers of iniquity  
Who forget their Maker,  
And walking after their own lusts,  
Scornfully ask,  
Where is the promise of His coming?  
For since the fathers fell asleep  
All things continue as they were,  
From the beginning of the world until now.  
If there be a God, say they,  
Let Him hasten His work,  
That we may see it!

Do they suppose that ere our time began,  
By heaven and earth's creation,  
All things were then the same  
As after "the beginning"?

Yet even now, one changeless law  
Is change.

And changeless laws, so called,  
Restrict and modify each other;  
Their seeming changelessness

Depends on other laws,  
And higher force superior,  
To which they must unchangeably submit ;  
And the great law—above all other laws supreme—  
Is the High Will, unchangeable,  
Of God Almighty ;  
The only law that knows no change,  
Nor shadow of a turn.

*It*—cannot err, nor hesitate ;  
It neither hastes nor rests ;  
But calmly is fulfilled  
In its appointed time and way ;  
And cannot fail.  
It is fulfilled on earth in peace and war,  
In storm, and wind, and bright sunshine,  
In human joys and griefs,  
In life and death, in love or passing strife ;  
And by all holy angels in high heaven,  
By sun, and moon, and all the countless stars ;  
And throughout all the universe of being  
Beyond our ken,  
God's will is done.

CHAPTER I.

THE MORNING COMETH.

Watchman !  
What of the night ?  
What of the night ?

---

The morning cometh, but the night lingers yet ;  
If ye would fain know,  
Come back—and enquire again.

---

Watchman ! What of the night ?

---

The night is far spent, the day is at hand ;  
Watch ye !

---

Watchman ! What of the night ?  
Wearied—we faint.

---

The day breaketh and the shadows flee ;  
And the winds of the morning sigh,  
Faint not.

---

Dark mists rise from the mountain's brow,  
The morning struggles with the night ;  
O'er the wide world spreads wail and woe,  
And faint moans die on every breeze,  
Laden with grief ;  
And deepening groans unceasingly  
Rise up to God.  
All anxious pants the uneasy air,  
And heavy heaves the labouring sea ;  
Earth, parched, cries out for heaven's dew ;  
Sigh answers sigh,  
And grief re-echoes woe,  
From land to every sea,  
From sea to every shore.  
And dark powers hasten to the fight  
Against heaven's Prince of Peace.  
Amazed Creation travaileth convulsed,  
While vague fears vex her heart,  
Poured thus in anguish forth.

Creation groans !  
And there is sorrow on the sea !

---

I.

And woeful cries from holy hearts oppressed,  
Ascend to heaven,  
From many nations scattered wide.  
Where now the mercy of our God ?  
His promise, where ?  
Our fainting hearts consume,  
While yet he hides his blessed light,  
But other hope is none,  
Save Him—our Father still,  
Though Israel own us not.

II.

Then Zion moaning like a dove,  
Lamented sadly thus :  
Hath God forgotten quite His own ?  
And clean forsaken me, His chosen ?  
Doth God Almighty care no more  
That Zion's foes profanely ask,  
Where is her God ?  
And where her ancient prophecies ?

III.

And martyr voices cry,  
Up from below the altar,  
Holy and true ! Oh, Lord ! how long



Wilt thou delay to judge,  
And to avenge our blood  
On earth's inhabitants?  
And from high Heaven the Lord looked down,  
Hearkening!  
And fiercely did his anger burn,  
And heavier waxed his righteous wrath,  
And indignation filled His lips  
To see His children fainting thus,  
Full in His sight,  
Unaided.

---

Lo! from the o'erhanging battlements of heaven,  
Bright angels, awed, keep silent watch;  
Expecting vengeance, prompt and dire,  
On guilty earth,  
And help for all oppressed!

---

But no!  
Not yet!

---

Instead—  
Hark—clear and calm,  
The melting tones of love Divine,  
Like the blessed voice of Judah's Lord;  
And by Himself He swore, and said—

“No pleasure find I in your death,  
Oh, leave your sins and live.”

---

Oh, that men's sons were wise !  
Oh, that they knew Jehovah's voice !  
Oh, that they would forecast their doom,  
Fast coming !

---

And will ye dare to face the flames  
Of God Almighty's wrath ?  
Ye sons of men !  
Come yet ! Come now—be true, and just, and good ;  
And in the fountain of blessed purity,  
Wash out your stains ;  
Wash in His blood,  
Who left behind Him, for your sakes,  
An offering perfected—  
A sacrifice accepted of heaven's king.

---

And as a father smites rebellious sons,  
Yearning the while in his deep heart of love,  
So now doth God smite sinful men ;  
He smites them, but their flinty hearts feel not ;  
He feeds them upon sorrow's bread,  
And bitter herbs to humble them ;  
But lo ! mad merriment,  
And proud high handed sin.

Be silent, sons of clay !  
God riseth from His place to plead with you,  
For pity on yourselves.  
Now calls He for a sword upon the earth ;  
Alas ! they spurn the rod,  
And Him who sends it !  
Alas ! For the wicked are stubborn !

---

So the wickedness of the wicked  
Becomes yet more intense.  
How busily they fill the cup  
They soon must dree !  
They shut their eyes, they close their ears,  
Neither doth any say, " It is the Lord."  
But they utterly ignore His warnings,  
And will none of His reproof,  
Nor answer to His voice.  
His chastenings they make light of ;  
They will not grieve,  
Nor consider their ways.  
Nay, they belie the God of heaven and earth.  
" These are not the doings of a God," say they,  
" But simply the actions of old Nature's laws,"  
" Inexorable."  
As if her stern and beneficent laws,  
Were not each and all of them  
Ordained and meted out

By His supreme, unerring will.  
But they make light of His judgments,  
Rushing wildly on in their mad iniquities,  
Or trifling amidst their foolish frivolities.  
They make a boast that Christianity will soon be exploded,  
And belief in our Lord be a thing of the past.  
They will not believe in the power  
Of the Creator,  
To do any work which must seem to them miraculous,  
Or to modify or counter work  
The laws which He has made,  
Or to control them by opposing forces,  
Or bring to bear on them the influences  
Of a different, or higher range ;  
Still less can they imagine how He could change  
The laws and seasons which He has once ordained ;  
So they imagine the Almighty Creator as  
Sitting apart, powerless, and unconcerned,  
Leaving all His creatures to a blind and hopeless fate.  
They *do not see* how their Creator could accomplish  
Such powerful proofs of His secret will ;  
So they promptly and flippantly decide,  
That the Almighty has no influence  
Over the operations of nature,  
Nor over the events of human history.  
Man, forsooth, may interfere with  
Many of nature's movements, as God permits,

And change at will his own machineries,  
Leaving as he must each inexorable law,  
    Of their materials untouched.  
But in their ideas the Almighty must be denied  
The supreme exercise of His infinite power,  
Because their blinded eyes, do not perceive His hand,  
Nor their small minds comprehend  
    The secret workings  
    Of the Omnipotent.  
And to crown all, they complacently judge  
The Son of God to have been but a mere man ;  
Which would indeed have been a greater miracle,  
    Than all which they reject.

---

Yet it shall come to pass,  
That whosoever shall call upon the name  
    Of the Lord  
    Shall be saved.  
For in mount Zion, and in Jerusalem,  
    Shall be deliverance.

---

And I looked—and behold,  
Ties lawless, hateful, heartless,

Have usurped the place of holy wedlock ;  
The foundations, and the health of a nation's life  
Are undermined,  
Its upward progress checked.  
Henceforth its path is downward ;  
The very atmosphere of existence is exhausted,  
And the countenances of the vile witness against them ;  
For their iniquities have returned upon their own heads,  
By God's unfailing law.  
And pure love, earth's greatest blessing,  
Is withering away from the sons of men ;  
No longer are the young nursed on its tender bosom,  
But fathers are wanting in natural affection,  
And even mothers neglect their offspring,  
As heathen mothers would not ;  
The simple and pure pleasures,  
Harmonious with our higher nature,  
Give way to a weakening and corrupting luxury ;  
The base erect themselves against the honourable,  
And reverence for the hoary head,  
Is a thing of the past.  
The hearts of parents and children  
Are turned away from each other ;  
And the love of our Father in heaven fades away.  
Scrupulously they fulfil self-inflicted formalities,  
Devoid of devotion ;  
Trampling the while on truth and love.  
For the God who made them is lightly esteemed,

And the seventh of our time, which from the beginning,  
He mercifully commanded them to keep sacred,  
As a day of holy rest,  
Do they daringly profane ;  
Defrauding themselves and the poor  
Of this most blessed birth-right  
And necessity for the welfare  
Of man's whole nature,  
Especially for his nobler life.

---

They have no faith to put in the living God,  
Yet can trust in lying vanities with blind credulity ;  
With daring hand, they try to rend the veil,  
Between flesh and the world unseen ;  
Presumptuously do they pry into those things,  
Which our Lord has in mercy to our frailty hidden.

---

By seeking exclusively their own interest,  
Brotherly affections fail.  
Yea, by heartless oppression, they crush the poor,  
Worshipping Mammon ;  
And the blood of the righteous  
Calleth up secretly to heaven !  
True dignity, nobility of heart and patriotism,  
And all man's noblest emotions  
Are fading away,  
And what will be the end of these things ?

Pray no more for this generation,  
Neither lift up cry—nor sigh for them,  
For the Lord will not hear.  
Leave them alone to the correction of their misdeeds  
And to the fruit of the imaginations  
Of their rebellious hearts,  
That on their guilty heads may come  
The blood of saints and martyrs slain  
From Abel to the last,  
That all may see that without cause  
God doeth not  
This His strange work.

---

Behold Satan and his legions let loose ;  
And murmuring and discontent, like frogs,  
Croak over the face of the earth ;  
Everywhere doth anarchy raise her hydra head.  
Nation riseth against nation ;  
Contention, rebellion, confusion, strive together  
Like whirlwinds of destruction,  
Laying waste all beauty.  
Creatures formed for holy emotions  
Are possessed by the demon of Malice.  
Pride, lust, ambition, avarice,  
Rear their cruel heads aloft,  
Like venom'd snakes,  
Struggling for mastery.



Society from its depths heaves heavily ;  
The peoples swell tumultuously ;  
The roaring of their rage is like the wild sea foam ;  
They front high heaven with rebellion,  
    Denying the Son of God.  
They plot against His anointed king.  
Behold ! He who sits in heaven shall laugh ;  
The highest shall look down upon them with derision.  
    He shall blow upon them,  
    And their breath shall be extinguished ;  
    As the moth shall he crush them ;  
    As ashes shall he scatter them abroad.

---

At last God's ear is shut to sinners' cry,  
    His help withheld.  
Love waxeth cold, faith languisheth,  
    And pity, long since fled,  
Hath left behind her cloak—  
    Hypocrisy.  
Plagues long predicted torture men,  
Stout hearts begin to quail,  
Strong knees to bend and quake  
    For fear of doom.

---

The river is dried up,  
    The fruit-tree languisheth,  
The trees of the forest are withered

Yea, joy is withered away from the sons of men.  
The seed is rotten in the clods,  
And the garners are laid desolate.

---

How do the cattle groan !  
The beasts of the field do cry unto Thee.  
And the herds are perplexed for want of food,  
    For the waters are dried up  
And the fire hath devoured the pastures  
    Of the wilderness.

---

The earth shall quake and the heavens tremble,  
The sun shall hide his light, and the moon be darkened,  
And the stars shall withdraw their shining.  
He is strong that executeth His work.  
The day of the Lord is great and very terrible.  
    Who can bear it ?

---

Oh, earth ! Doomed earth !  
Fain, fain would thy Saviour have gathered thee  
    Under love's wing of might,  
    But ye would not.

---

The day—the blessed day of grace  
    Is spent,  
    And hope  
    For ever past.

What then ?

---

Lo ! troublous shades flit fast o'er heaven's brow ;  
Dark clouds portentous gather,  
Charged with Jehovah's ire ;  
Impatient to break forth  
On the oppressor's head—  
Indignant.

---

The red bolts, restless, shake the clouds,  
And earth responsive  
Boils up with furious passion,  
Heaving convulsively.

---

Hearken ! a glorious herald calls  
To the still slumbering Church,  
Who thus responds.

---

Tell, heavenly messenger, we pray,  
Where are our promised signs ?

---

What ! could ye not, then, watch an hour ?  
Wake up ! for wearied ye have sunk to rest,  
All willing as ye were.

What! with the substance in your sight  
Ye grope for shadow still?  
With ripe fruit dropping from the tree,  
Who seeks for bud or bloom?  
When high the glorious sun rides up the sky,  
Who looks for tokens of the coming morn?  
Unseal your ears to hear the joyful cries:  
    "Behold, the bridegroom comes!"  
    "The bridegroom comes!"  
    Joyful they echo clear.  
Lift up your drooping eyes and see,  
Heaven's sun fast streaks the brow of night,  
Abashed, retreating far away.

---

Signs? No more signs, beloved!  
Your God himself draws near.  
Hear ye the rolling of His chariot wheels!  
Hark! how the music glorious swells,  
From heaven's high martial hosts!  
Each warrior wears his laurel wreath,  
And bears his victor palm!  
And gladsome sounds of glory won  
Thrill through the joyful air,  
And fiery chariots roll, with prancing steeds  
    Milk white,  
Through towering thunder clouds.  
Hark, then, beloved of God, nor fear!

Light up your lamps all ready trimmed ;  
Be not dismayed, ye are most fitly clad ;  
In those bright robes of linen fair, and white,

Fly forth.

No agitation of extreme delight,  
From blessed surprise of joy,

Must stay you now,

Nor yet one lingering look behind.

Haste on !

---

Oh, had they known their day of grace  
In their appointed time.

But now, alas ! or tears, or pity,

All are vain !

Mercy to Justice hath appealed,

Justice, too long restrained,

Hath sealed up mercy's ear

For mercy's sake.

God hath arisen in righteous wrath

To rescue the oppressed

And do His strangest work

Of stern revenge,

Lest the beloved of heaven be sacrificed,

And fainting souls fail hopelessly

Before their Father's face.

## CHAPTER II.

### VISITATION OF THE EARTH BY ANGELS IN THE LAST DAYS.

FAR, far from yonder pile,  
Methinks—the sound of pastor's voice  
Floats mild upon the breeze.  
Alas ! he preaches but himself,  
And not our risen Lord.  
Himself—a living idol he sets up  
Within God's house of prayer,  
Selfish and sanctimonious,  
Seeking for fame.

---

Behold the attitude of worship there ;  
Hearken ! for sure these tones of meek thanksgiving  
Rise up to God ;  
Stay !—listen !—  
All, all in vain—self righteousness !  
Hark ! confidently they make over,  
Each man to his neighbour,  
The judgments of God.

While to themselves—unscrupulously  
They appropriate the promises.  
They walk about in sheep's clothing,  
Aping humility.

They call upon God—saying, “*Our Father*,”  
Yet would fain shut the gates of Heaven  
Against all save their own narrow clique,  
Which they name their own communion ;  
As if the communion of our Lord did not include  
Saints of all nations and every age,  
For the good shepherd hath many folds,  
And twelve gates lead to the eternal city.

Lo ! everywhere hard-hearted selfishness  
Holds iron rule in high and low ;  
But the rule of force and cruelty  
By vain and conceited mortals  
Is as execrable, in the judgment of Heaven's King,  
In the sanctimonious fool, glorifying himself,  
And reposing in unfeigned self-adoration,  
As in the imperial potentate,  
Madly crushing kingdoms for his self-aggrandizement,  
And hiding his policy  
With a thin veil of hypocrisy ;  
For God looketh to the *spirit*  
And judgeth not by outward circumstances,  
Nor by the power which He hath given

For the expression of man's will,  
But by his heart and intention.

Sweet sounds of solemn music peal,  
And draw us on expectant.

Alas ! no adoration of the heart  
Ariseth here to God.  
For pastime sing they of creative power,  
And of the cruel death of him  
The Crucified ;  
Who left His glory in high Heaven  
To give His life for theirs.  
Oh ! wondrous love, which they reject,  
Choosing to forfeit Heaven.  
Hark how they chaunt, to please the ear,  
Of bliss in heaven and woe in hell,  
In which they have no faith ;  
And to their seared and parched hearts  
Christ's love, in life and death,  
Is as an idle tale.

---

Lo ! here assembled many wise,  
Struggling to elucidate a chaos of unknowables,  
The knowledge of the Living God, they will not entertain,  
And lose the blessed power of rational belief ;  
They turn their backs on revelation, common sense,  
And sober science,



With all the higher instincts of humanity,  
And grope amongst material things,  
    For God, who is a spirit,  
    They seek an idol of their brain,  
In His created works of mind or matter,  
And raise their shifting theories on fancies vague,  
    And baseless as bewildering.  
They will not see that the most high  
Cannot, by virtue of His nature infinite,  
    Be subject to be seen and handled,  
    Examined like a star or stone  
    By man irreverently.  
So, foiled and baffled, never visited  
    In all their wanderings,  
By ray of the Eternal Light,  
They boldly say, "God is not knowable,"  
Because, by all their searchings,  
    They cannot find Him out.  
Now God forsaken, He has turned them back to foolishness  
    And for result of all their mystic lore,  
    They have attained with certainty  
At least to this discovery of modern science,  
    That if,  
Or sure as, anything exists,  
    It does exist.

---

Lo ! here the midnight feast is at its height,  
And brilliant lights, and music, and mirth, and glee,

And dancing, and wit, and song, and grace voluptuous,  
And beauty, and folly, and pride,  
And intellect, and infidelity,  
And pleasure's brimming cup ;  
But the God that made them is not in all their thoughts.

---

And there, in hearing of these revelries,  
Steals forth alone the victim of neglect,  
The child of want and woe—a widow.  
The rich man dares to meet with harsh rebuke  
That meek beseeching eye of misery ;  
As east wind biting, withering are his words ;  
And of a broken heart, the last appeal,  
All deep and still,  
Meets with no balm.  
No pity stirs that stony heart  
To save it from despair.

---

God seeth.

---

They dream—  
The merchant of his wealth,  
The soldier of his battles,  
The scholar of his fame.  
They dream  
Of gain and conquest on the morrow,  
And glory coming.

There, by a pale, sad light, in her lonely cell,  
The orphan plies her needle,  
Toiling, struggling, fainting,  
Into the weary night—for the day's bread.  
Her tears unseen on earth—unheard her dying sighs;  
But felt above—in Heaven.

---

All these things did the eyes of God behold,  
And so His wrath was kindled,  
And therefore did the Eternal say,  
“It is enough.”

---

Dream on, fond dreamers! waking, sleeping, dream;  
Why should we wake ye now?  
But yesterday, if ye had turned to God;  
And listened to the widow's wail, the orphan's cry;  
But now, alas! it is too late—too late!

---

The moon o'er all shines fair, as first she shone  
At God's command.  
Her last calm smile is like her first, prophetic.  
Like widowed queen, in tender halo shrined,  
With gathered wisdom of the heart, silently watching,  
Her pitying rays serene light down—  
Felt most in sorrow's night,  
So high, so honoured, and so loved—she reigns—  
And so alone!

Sleep on—ye doomed, we would not wake ye now.  
The worlds wild crash will come too soon  
For you, alas!—too soon.

---

The trumpet's call, that wakes the dead,  
Will drive off sleep for ever.  
For you—remains no rest—no blessed repose,  
Balmy and calm.  
But, death !  
The very curse of God,  
The fever and the fire,  
Sure fore-runners of death—not life.  
Leaving behind loathsome remains,  
Fit food for worms that never die.

---

Sleep on, and take your rest,  
Though small the boon of such a short respite,  
Doom, sent by God, falls like a shade of gloom  
Down on your heads,  
Sealing your fate,  
Since ye have willed it so.

---

Why reeleth the earth—trembling ?

Because of the wrath of her Maker ;  
Because of the fury of His eye ;

Because her transgression lies heavily upon her ;  
Therefore doth she tremble and quake.

---

The times are full ;  
The day of vengeance, long delayed,  
Has come at last.  
The secret hour, from saints and angels hid ;  
God's day of wrath.  
The signs foretold—already show themselves ;  
The pyramid mysterious in its strength,  
Hath waited long, keeping its sacred troth,  
Till unto some\* were granted faith and power,  
To read the meaning of her stones,  
The lessons of her walls ;  
The measurements of earth,  
The movements of the stars,  
The harmonies and sympathies  
Between our globe and heaven,  
With glimpses of the past,  
And prophecies of what shall be ;  
Linking the past and present in one glorious whole.  
Proclaiming unity between God's works and word,  
And providence Divine in human history,  
And calm development of plan unwavering.  
One Mind in all,  
From first to last.

\* See "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid." By Professor Piazzi Smyth, F.R.S.E., F.R.A.S., Astronomer Royal for Scotland. London: Wm. Isbister, Limited.

Slowly doth God advance His work, and surely,  
Through change and storm, sunshine and mist,  
And time's vicissitudes,  
From saddest evil, up to happiest good ;  
Spite opposition fierce, from darkest powers  
With subtlest guile,  
Using their cruel arts as means whereby  
His sons may mount yet higher still  
Victorious ever through antagonism.  
Evil, compelled by Him inevitably  
To end in good,  
Though oft to us mysteriously.

---

Surely there are stirrings of glorious hopes  
For this world's happiness.  
It was not made in vain, to be the prey of evil spirits ;  
But, " sin shall be no more,  
" And death be swallowed up in victory,"  
For so hath God decreed.  
Already are presentiments in many breasts,  
That the Lord's kingdom may be near at hand,  
For surely He will visit and redeem His people,  
And fulfil to the very letter all His promises.  
Made to the fathers of His chosen race  
And to the seed of Abraham,  
Numerous as the sand on the seashore,  
They will be found a people prepared  
For Emmanuel.

They will be as a nation born in a day ;  
And what will ye, if they be not far off?  
Nor yet " the birth-right," nor " the stone of witness,"  
    " Be very far to seek ? "  
But at the time appointed they shall be  
    Made known by Israel's God,  
Though yet the veil that screens them  
    From themselves and other nations  
    Hangs over them still.  
    (But here and there the light seems breaking  
    Through dense dark clouds, sullen so long.)  
Nor are they yet alive to their destiny,  
Nor aware of the blessings to flow through them  
    On all nations,  
When they shall rise like life from the dead.  
What time the Lord comes suddenly  
    Into His holy temple,  
To build up the walls of Jerusalem,  
    And make of His kingdom  
A name and a praise throughout all the earth.

---

What answer will ye give  
To the ambassadors of the nations ?

That Jehovah hath laid the foundations of Zion,  
And the poor of His people will take refuge therein.

---

Put ye in the sickle, for the corn is ripe ;  
The winepress is full, the vats overflow ;  
For their wickedness is great.

The arm of Jehovah is uplifted ;  
Who can stay it ?  
The God of Hosts hath decreed ;  
Who shall disannul it ?



### CHAPTER III.

LIKE to a street, deserted by the young,  
When the fierce tigress has escaped her chain,  
Scouring along, with wild fierce rolling eyes,  
Eager for prey;  
So, not one child of God is left  
In this forsaken field,  
Where ravenous demons reign.

Safe, in the hollow of the unseen Hand,  
They rest—drawn up by Love,  
As sheep into a fold,  
By shepherd's genial voice  
The secret of the Lord in their deep hearts.  
Sheltered they sleep—as on a father's arm,  
Or waking, whisper with bright sparkling eyes,  
'Midst radiant smiles, their earnest fears,  
As distant roars the fury of the fiends,  
Or like God's servant—Noah—in the ark,  
Their glad souls glowing fresh with glorious life  
As close and closer yet they draw,  
To their great Father's heart,

Conversing still—with childlike love,  
His mind in theirs,  
Who gently cheers them past the gloom,  
Even as the mother lures her child,  
Tempting to trials of latent power ;  
Or as she oft, with playful skill,  
Leads on her son  
To feats of untried strength ;  
Whilst he, 'twixt joy and fear,  
With plaintive cries and smiles, laughing through tears,  
Seeks to regain her breast,  
Drawn on, impatient, by its magic spell.

---

Behold ! the earth yields up her dead  
And the uneasy sea ;  
Both faithful to their sacred trust.  
With joy the holy dead wake up  
At their creator's call,  
Like flowers in spring ;  
For God assembles all His own,  
His spirit gathers them  
From the four winds of heaven.

---

Like to a child  
Scared by a troubled dream, or demon vision,—  
Deeming its mother's kiss the captor's clutch,

Seizing it for its prey,—  
Now screaming wild, now gasping horror struck  
In dumb convulsion,  
Till wakened up by fond caress  
From agony to bliss,  
And sweet surprise,  
To find himself—safe, resting on his mother's breast,  
And meeting her glad eyes, and tender love,  
Smiling away all fear ;

---

So, doth the righteous wake  
Up from life's troubled dream of grief and woe,  
And persecution—from the demon's power—  
To find themselves in heaven ;  
Safe, leaning on the bosom of their Lord,  
Past all the ills of mortal life,  
Its sins and sorrows, terrors and turmoils.

---

And I heard a bitter cry from the earth  
Of wailing and of woe,  
Like to the raving of wild despair !  
And the lofty kings of the earth,  
And the warriors, and the mighty men,  
And every bondman, and every free,  
“ Hide themselves in the dens and caves of the earth,  
And cry unto the mountains and unto the rocks,  
Fall on us and hide us from the face of Him

Who sitteth on the throne,  
And from the wrath of the Lamb :  
For the great day of His wrath is come ;  
And who shall be able to stand ? ” \*  
Hide them ?  
It may not be !  
Each one must now abide the eye of Him  
Whose glance is as a flame of fire !  
*Now* must they look on Him they pierced,  
*Now* must they listen to that loving voice ;  
Not here, alas ! in mercy pleading,  
But thundering forth in wrath  
The judgments of Jehovah.

\* Rev. vi. 15—17.

## CHAPTER IV.

### DESTRUCTION OF THE EARTH BY FIRE.

*But*

Doomed to destruction,  
The world of the ungodly, and the proud, and all liars ;  
The unjust, and the covetous, and hypocrites,  
And murderers ;  
With all the abominable,  
And the fearful, who have no trust in God ;  
And unbelievers, and all the impenitent,  
Who fear not God, neither love their neighbour ;  
Yea, all who have scorned to learn  
From the meek and the “ Lowly One ”  
How to forgive,  
*Must now abide their doom.*  
Tossed by the cruel blast of the fiery tempest,  
Wildly curling and cresting up,  
In reckless furious freedom,  
Unquenchable, indomitable ;  
Charged with the power of Jehovah’s wrath,  
And of the lamb that was slain,—

Even the righteous indignation  
Of the eternal,—  
The avenger of guilt and oppression !  
Men's hearts utterly, and for ever, and with reason now,  
Failing them for fear,  
Amidst weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth,  
And the impotent madness of wild despair ;  
The very light of heaven  
Darkened by the smoke of their burning,  
Amidst crackling flames, and thickest darkness,  
And hideous yells, and more horrid blasphemies,  
And crueller yet, the stings of a wounded conscience,  
Awake now,  
Awake, alas ! too late !

*Behold !*

Far above,  
In majesty divine and heavenly calm,  
On radiant clouds of light,  
Sitteth the All-glorious One !  
The ever Blessed !  
At His feet the beauteous arc of Peace,  
Spans the wide earth,  
And emerald is its green.

Far—  
In the deep blue azure,  
Are gathered the heavenly hosts of unfallen angels,  
With their martial air and mien determined,  
Resting on their glittering swords,  
Faithful amongst the faithless !  
Blessed spirits—sons of light,  
Freely they breathe from their expansive breasts,  
With joy elate ;  
While holiness their bosoms swaying,  
In every attitude sheds grace divine ;  
Glorious they shine, like to the sun  
In their immortal strength,  
Dazzling in lofty courage,  
And beautiful as day.  
Their breast-plates like the diamond sparkling ;  
With holy heroism their hearts are burning,  
With deep devotion over-flowing ;

And loyal to their king, the Lord of hosts,  
Are those triumphant warriors  
Of the Omnipotent.

---

And lo ! nearer the throne,  
The fervent seraphs, sons of love,  
Clad in the majesty of goodness mild,  
Devout their faces veiling  
With their most graceful wings,  
Their glorious forms angelic,  
Breathe holy awe, and reverence the deepest.  
Transparent as the light, and radiant with high thought,  
They tune their golden harps for melodies to God,  
And strains seraphic flow, in accents holy,  
From voices sweet and deep, mellow and rich and true.  
Fresh up from earnest thoughts, too great for silence,  
Their liquid eyes speak tender love,  
Or lightning with love's holy confidence  
Fall like a spell upon the heart ;  
True—as reflections from the Only True,  
And pure as heavenly streams.

And sweetly simple is their mien,  
And free from art as childhood ;  
Yet on each brow reigns, power sublime—  
And might,  
The highest of angelic intellect ;



Over each head a halo rests,  
Like rainbow—beautiful !  
Bright noble thoughts glance forth from every eye  
    On beams of love ;  
While their whole being glows  
    In the calm, holy light.

---

But nearer still,  
Behold a countless number.  
Assemblage vast, from every age, and zone, and nation ;  
    Radiant in robes of purest white,  
    Palms in their hands,  
Before the great white throne they humbly bow,  
And from their grateful hearts swells forth  
    The song of Moses ;  
    Prophet meek of heaven's King,  
    And of the Lamb of God.

---

Wave after wave,  
    The tide of holy song  
    Rolls onward to the throne,  
And upward to the secret light,  
    Where the Eternal dwells.

---

Ten thousand thousand are these voices blessed,  
    Countless as ocean sands

To men innumerable.  
Humbly those spirits pure look up from holy hearts,  
Up to the face of Him  
Who left heaven's glorious heights  
For fallen man,  
Sharing their misery.  
Of Him—the man of sorrows for their sakes,  
Who took their sentence on Himself  
To set them free.  
They see the face of Israel's shepherd king,  
The anointed—and the crucified ;  
And of His countenance the light  
For ever  
Is their sun.

---

CHAPTER V.  
THE JUDGMENT.

Dark looming in the distance dire,  
What gloomy company await their fate,  
In moody silence.  
Alas! the woeful gathering are those  
Of the lost souls of men,

---

AND lo ! in heaven an awful silence reigns  
The books are opened and the judgment set.

And patriarchs, and prophets and apostles—  
All who were slain for Jesus' sake,  
Or tried by sorrows keen like His,  
And faithful unto death, arose victorious—  
Are summoned by the Lord  
To serve in judging men  
By Heaven's unchanging laws  
Of right and wrong

---

“ And, behold ! an angel descended from heaven  
Having the key of the bottomless pit,  
And its smoke ascended as the smoke of a furnace.”

The Lord hath spoken,  
Even Jesus, whom they crucified ;  
Hell heard, and was convulsed ;  
And from its gloomy caverns  
Woe howled to woe from lowest depths,  
Echoing and thundering down  
The just decrees  
Of the Eternal !

Hell's billows all are troubled, wailing wild  
And groaning fiercely, he enlarged himself,  
Stretching immeasurably wide his cruel maw  
For the condemned.

Behold ! how the inhabitants of the pit are agitated ;  
They are stirred up in fierce commotion  
At their coming,  
Even all those who have toiled to join them,  
Working deceitfully.

---

The self-righteous amazed, gaze on each other ;  
The haughty looks of the terrible are confounded ;  
And the scoffers ask no more—  
Where is the promise of his coming ?  
For God hath arisen to judgment ;  
His threatenings are fulfilled to the uttermost,  
And His curse  
Accomplished.

Behold, how they descend in dense clouds !  
Hark ! the voice of their groaning  
Is like the roaring of the sea  
In the wintry storm, in the dark night,  
    When the wild tempest raves  
    Amidst the mountain clouds,  
And spirits moan upon the deep,  
And fierce winds ceaseless howl  
Upon the bleak and barren sea,  
    And revel uncontrolled ;  
Responding roughly to each other,  
And lashing up the hoary deep  
    Into his maddest fury.

---

Behold the world forsaken !  
    The mountains tremble,  
    And the little hills do quake.  
The earth is again without form and void ;  
The sun is darkened in the heavens ;  
The moon hath withdrawn her shining ;  
The cattle are consumed with the beasts  
    Of the forest ;  
    The fishes of the sea also ;  
    With the fowls of the air  
    And the little birds are silent,  
And all the stumblingblocks with the wicked  
    Are removed.

Lo! not a man is left upon the earth ;  
The voices of spring are no more,  
And the wide earth lies desolate.  
Yea, even the heavens are clothed in sackcloth,  
Yet the Creator will not repent,  
But the words which His servants have spoken  
Shall be performed and done.

---

Infidels and hypocrites together,  
Gentle hypocrites and disreputable sinners,  
Nobles who have sinned with a high hand openly,  
And plebeians doing their evil in secret ;  
Down they crowd against their will,  
Hasting inevitably  
To their appointed doom.

And down, headlong, are they hurled,  
All of them.  
They are swept clean away,  
As by the besom of destruction,  
And with the scourge of the Omnipotent.  
They flee far off to their own place  
At the rebuke of their Maker ;  
For they are filled with his fury,  
His curse is within them.

They are chased away  
As the chaff on the mountains

Before the wintry wind,  
And as the thistle-down, before the whirlwind,  
They haste away.  
Reeling past all worlds of hope and mercy,  
Down—and yet deeper down—  
Into the pit unfathomed,  
To suffer along with the ancients who sinned of old,  
The just vengeance  
Of Almighty God  
Where the worm dieth not, and the fire is never quenched.

---

Lo ! this the abode of lost souls,  
With their pride, and their rebellion, and their jealousy,  
And their envy and deadly hate ;  
The kingdom of the second death,  
Prepared  
For the devil and his slaves,  
Even the punishment and the fruit inevitable  
Of their own evil doings.

Behold !

NO !

---

The human heart recoils,  
And will not look.

## CHAPTER VI.

Lo ! multitudes like clouds of light  
Hie to the gates of heaven !

---

Together flock the loved of God,  
Drawn by deep sympathies from Jesus' breast.  
Thus doth He separate His sheep from goats ;  
Humbly they wait, and still—in patience meek,  
For in their hearts sweet hope doth sing of peace ;  
And in their childlike spirits deep  
God whispers they are His ;  
While filial they respond  
All secretly.

---

But who are these still pressing on impatient,  
Spreading their rustling wings  
To screen defects that *will* obtrude too plain,  
As nearer heaven's light they come ?  
Though decked in blazonry of earth's good deeds,



Their gaudy feathers, borrowed all,  
Scarce screen their blackened hearts.  
Foremost they speed, with high-toned pious talk;  
Anon they prostrate fall with homage low,  
Feigning humility.

---

Be these the brethren meek of Him, the Lowly One.  
The family likeness strikes us not;  
No feature tells of tender hearts.  
But if not holy, wherefore here?  
Yet lo! the hosts of holy ones  
Shrink from them far apart  
As these press on.

---

Hark!

Blessed of my Father, come!  
Enter the mansions made for you  
From earth's foundations old!

---

The joyful ranks speed swift,  
On the light wings of love;  
While far behind them, labouring now,  
Stride on these lofty ones;  
Erect, as with vain confidence  
And self belief.

But ah ! no welcome waits for them !  
Surprise and horror haunt their hardened hearts,  
    Whilst burdened with dead works  
    They cannot rise.  
For vain inflation of self-righteousness  
    Hath never entered by that narrow gate  
    That leads to life.

---

Buoyant, the humble enter swift,  
    Like sunbeams bright,  
And onward pass with loud acclaim.  
    “ Servant of God, well done ! ”  
Thus greets their Lord each one.  
And joy and bliss float on from soul to soul,  
    Still growing as it spreads,  
    In love's intensity.

---

Behold, outside the door fast shut  
Back, and yet back, still stumble frantic there—  
    Scribes, pharisees, and hypocrites,  
In their mock splendour of good works  
    And tarnished tinselling ;  
    Transformed devils all,  
    And fools!

Loudly they wail, and pleading cry,  
Oh, Lord ! oh, Lord ! Oh come and hear,

And open unto us !

Alas ! that prayer had sped so well erewhile,  
(Now vain and useless whine and raving cant) ;  
In Thy name, have we prophecied and taught !  
In Thy name, have we not cast devils out ?  
In Thy name, have we not done wondrous works ?  
Lord ! Lord ! oh let *us* in !

---

And many wondrous works indeed did they ;  
And marvellous still more have been their words,  
For their own glory all !  
But what ere *did* they for the love of God ?  
Or what ere *gave* they for the love of man ?  
The hungry did they ever feed ?  
The naked did they ever clothe ?  
Fell pity ever from their eyes on grief ?  
Or comfort from their lips ?  
A love-gift did they ever grant,  
Or wine, or water, for the fainting soul,  
For Jesus' sake ?

---

High from the battlements of heaven  
Dread thunder deafening rolls ;  
Peal answering still to peal,  
Roaring along with rolling sound,  
Magnificent and grand !

Fierce utterance of God's wrath poured forth,  
Unheard by men before.

Hark; how reverberate these glorious peals!  
In awful majesty,  
With solemn rounded tone, intense and deep,  
Echoing afar, from height to height they spread,  
In mighty gloom portentous,  
Resounding boundlessly;  
Tearing along through the dense atmosphere,  
Loaded with wrath,  
And rending wild,—the frantic elements  
To fury driven  
Relentless.

Hark! A deep pause and stillness as of death!

---

Depart from Me!  
I know you not,  
Ye workers of iniquity!

---

So, sweareth heaven's Lord!  
Into His rest that they should enter never,  
Never more!

Thus is the hope cut off of hypocrites !  
With all the grandeur of their works and words  
Pretentious.

And lo ! cast down, dejected, dumb, these go away  
To judgment and to *death* ;  
While righteous saints rise joyful  
To everlasting life.

## CHAPTER VII.

### FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

*Voice of an Evil Spirit.*

AND will God thus mar human happiness?  
And ruin man for seeking freely pleasure to his taste?  
It were but prejudice, not sense,  
To shun what is not tried!  
Besides, are men not by creation free  
To choose what likes them best?  
Great God is good;  
Yea, far too good to punish cruelly  
The creatures He has made!

---

Yea; God is good, and merciful, and just;  
Though fallen man's idea cannot reach  
Near to His hallowed thoughts,  
And loving heart sublime.  
Let, then, no sinner constitute himself  
Judge of Jehovah's will,  
Or of the fitness of His high decrees!  
How dares the creature crest him up

To doubt His maker's word?  
Or question *His* high will?  
Will devils dictate to Divinity?  
Will dust teach Deity?  
Nay, let men humbly bow  
Before God's will revealed,  
And study it, to learn  
What things are right, and true, and just, and good;  
And mark the small clear points  
Of this great mystery  
Which God hath opened up to human ken.  
Yet still the origin of all high truth  
Lies far enshrined in that most secret light  
Ineffable,—  
To man impenetrable—more than dark;  
Even as the noon-day sun to mortal eye,  
Till screened by thick dark-coloured veils,  
We read its features bright,  
And see as spots what are but shades of light;  
Such light as blinds weak eyes far more than night.  
Therefore  
Let mortal man no more suspect  
God's will not to be best;  
Or dream what *God does not* were good,  
Or better to be done.  
Let none withhold belief  
In what God has revealed,  
Or recklessly insult the Holiest,

Thus madly muttering  
“God is too good to keep His word”—  
That holy word which breaking were pure ill,  
And so impossible to God, being good, and God.

“God is so good, he will not punish sin!  
But will look on with lenient smile,  
On disobedience.”

This the deceiver’s sophistry,  
Truth is the bait with which he lures,  
Falsehood the poison  
Wherewithal he feeds his prey for death.

Yes! “God is good,” is love, and therefore visits sin;  
And rescues from the devil’s power His own;  
Driving away—by His Almighty arm,  
Impelled by vengeance dire—  
Satan and all his hosts;  
This unrelenting, blessed God, will do!

Ah! evil would it be, not good,  
To break God’s word, or alter one decree  
Of Him whose laws are all for good;  
Whose curses ev’n are just and good,  
Honest, and wise, and fair, and good,  
And merciful to all,  
Yea, even to the lost!  
Most good is He to chain them up for life,  
Nor suffer them at large to roam,



But limit evil power;  
Since each increase of sin  
Bears in itself its recompense  
By dire necessity of its own law.

Will mortal man—a mere dust-worm—  
Erect himself and think to sit  
In judgment on High God's decree?  
“This law is good,” saith he;  
“That other I consider hard;  
This promise, now, *I like*, and will believe;  
But then that threatening I do not approve;  
Could such harsh menace come from God?  
For, I think not;  
So set it on one side.”

“It is not kind,  
But God is kind;  
Therefore—though solemnly recorded in His word—  
I will ignore it quite.”

Thus reasons tempted man, nor stops to ask  
If *his* small span of mind  
Can grasp the counsels of eternity,  
Or judge at all, in the deep things of God,  
Where He sits judge alone  
In mystery of light  
And glory inaccessible.

Oh, when will human reason know its bound,  
And so its strength?

Will conscience dare to judge  
The God who called it forth?  
And say, forsooth, what laws *He* should  
And should not make?  
Will puny man, as God, set up to judge of good and ill  
Authoritatively?  
Sooner let earthly meteor show heaven's sun his way!

But what alternative seems best  
To human reason even,  
Unbiassed, pure, and unsophisticate?  
That God should visit unbelief and sin  
With punishment and death,  
And to the holy grant eternal life?  
Or, that Jehovah should reward  
Sinner and saint indifferently,  
With joy and bliss,  
Turning creation back to moral chaos?

Perish the impious thought!  
The holy must arise to life and light;  
The wicked must sink down to death and night,  
Nor could enjoy, nor enter heaven;  
For darkness finds no place beneath God's smile,  
And joy on entering *hell* would fall extinct,  
Like lamp in noxious pit.

If death eternal be a myth,  
Where then the meaning of our Saviour's gift  
Of life eternal to His own?  
For if the righteous be for ever blessed,  
So must the wicked and impure  
Be doomed to death for ever,  
When sin's dire work is done.

God's scales of goodness and severity  
Are even-balanced by his gracious hand;  
And firmly held for all creation's good,  
By His own Sovereign will.

Oh, then let all who would be saved  
Make sure in time;  
And, deaf to Satan's guile,  
Believe the unambiguous words of God,  
Who still would save the lost,  
Nor wills that any die;  
Though being God—and just,  
He will be mocked by none.

And when beyond all hope,  
Seared hearts are hard,  
And set on evil deeds,  
All likeness to high God effaced by sin,  
His breath in them consumed,  
He ceases discipline and gives their souls to death;

It is because the more he smites  
The deeper they revolt,  
And farther flee from Him  
And happiness. So sin meets its reward,  
And justice meets with mercy—  
They are one.

But mark this well :  
With holiness, the bliss abides ;  
With sin, the curse—for ever.

“God is so gentle, and doth love all so,  
That though malign misrule o’erthrow,  
All order and all law,  
Poisoning the founts of human life,  
He will not even frown ;  
And lest His anger, richly earned,  
Should pain mad mutineers,  
He will wink hard, and turn His eyes away  
With weak timidity.”

(Such the conclusion of their wit insane)

“And leave malicious vice to rankest growth  
Of foul atrocity.

Gnawing out all joy from fair Creation’s heart,  
Driving the pure and loving to despair,  
Whilst they undaunted rear their hydra heads  
Triumphantly ;  
And evil so predominate

That righteous rule of might and mercy  
Shall be none."

Is not the thought foul blasphemy,  
Abhorrent to all sense of right and wrong?  
Thanks be to God! our moral instincts high  
Tell us this were not good, but evil utterly;  
The same old lie that once was coined,  
Darkening our globe with cloud and mist,  
Again audaciously the arch fiend wily tempts  
To unbelief and disobedience base;  
From man a mean return for love divine!  
In contradiction to God's high decree,  
He daringly reiterates,  
"Ye shall not surely die."  
Though all men living yield up earthly life,  
And God already has exacted to the full  
The first instalment of the curse on sin,  
And laid its whole dead weight  
Upon His Son unflinchingly,  
To save who will be saved.  
And teach, vain man!—God's words are never vain.

---

Cease, then, ye sons of men, to doubt your Maker's word;  
Will mortal master suffer unbelief,  
Or earthly King revolt,—  
Even from his fellow man?

And will the Almighty set the faithless free,  
To roam unbranded through the Universe?  
Nor dare to visit rebels with his wrath,  
Lest vileness feel a pang.

Beware!

For Godheads' frown fell never meaningless.

Ah, think you, it is naught  
To fall into the hands of an avenging God?  
The fiery indignation of His wrath,  
Strikes it no pang into your hardened heart?  
Ah! but that outer darkness, and that second death,  
Wait not for man's belief;  
But prove themselves to the impenitent,  
Despite their unconcern.

And are the petty interests of puny man  
The fitting measures for his punishments?  
Is man's impression of sins loathsomeness  
Heaven's gauge to test its turpitude?  
Is man's will Heaven's guide?  
And will the criminal at the bar  
Dare dictate to his judge,  
That Judge, his Maker?  
Is God Almighty—sovereign, or not?  
His holy will—is it supreme, or not?  
And is His glory not the end  
Of all created,

From high Archangel to the lowest life ?

Is it ?

or

Is it not ?

---

Ah ! little do they know of God,  
Of His high might, His glorious dignity,  
And honour infinite,  
Who dream *His* laws may ever be infringed  
Without full recompense.

---

Who—selfish dares to sit—in littleness exclusive,  
Descanting cool,  
On all the grave annoyances to man,  
From breaking laws divine ?  
As if—the essence of all sin  
Were but the weary woe it works to man ;  
As if—the violence to nature's laws  
Exhausted all sin's guilt ;  
As if—the vengeance of Almighty God  
Were the mere complement to nature's stern amends,  
Its re-enactment, or its rising up  
To the proportions of man's higher life ;  
As if—God's wrath were but an echo back  
To nature's laws on earth ;  
As if—these laws of nature were not *His*,  
Or ought—

But warning whispers of Almighty wrath,  
Which, if despised, will fall with fearful weight  
And prompt precision on the heads  
Of the rebellious.

Think not the statutes of Heaven's righteous Lord  
Can pass as idle tales ;  
Where were the meaning of Jehovah's threats,  
If vengeance seize not  
All determined sin ?

Man's sophistries will ne'er annul  
Jehovah's high decree ;  
Man's mild ideas of his own deserts  
Sweeten no cup  
In which is poured the bitter wine  
Of God Almighty's wrath.

What God has said  
That will He do ;  
And execute His wrath divine  
On all His foes  
In His own time.

Who fear His holy name, think well,  
No truth of God can be ignored  
Without its due amends,  
But one day will speak out, in thunder tones.



All truth together linked harmonious,  
Adheres—consecutive,  
So that not one, simple as it may be,  
Or small to man it seem,  
Can be secreted from its sacred arch,  
Without unhinging many sure to fall,  
Each leaving other cheated of support,  
Till in due time the whole must tumble down  
To chaos wild.  
Not the primeval stores of latent life,  
Unformed, yet ripe for re-construction,  
But a dead mass of ruined life and hopeless wreck ;  
For not one stone is useless here,  
But needful for the strength of all ;  
And in God's oracles of truth,  
As in His works of nature, science, rule ;  
No link can be left out,  
No, not one particle, though small as grain of sand,  
Or fall of tiny leaf,  
Or gentlest breeze of wind ;  
No, not an insect breath,  
But through the whole, the small as great,  
Twine mutual ties, analogies, affinities,  
Attractions and repulsions,  
Activities and forces latent,  
And secret deep dependencies,  
And days of work and nights of rest,  
Essential to all.

So wondrous are the works and ways of God !  
Small portions only can we comprehend ;  
If we would think or speak of them,  
Lo ! soon we find them far beyond our reach.  
Minute the parts our minds can grasp,  
For high as heaven above man's thoughts  
Are God's !

---

God is too good, forsooth,  
"To hurt the feelings of rebellious fiends !"  
He will not interfere with grave rebuke,  
Intruding on the savage gaities,  
Of those whose very breath is cruelty !  
For He is merciful !  
And will not vex the vile !  
Nor thwart the selfish wills,  
Nor wound the sentientness  
Of rabid devils—even ;  
But mildly acquiescing in their crimes,  
Leave them (the cruel) safe gloating on their prey,  
That prey—the innocent !

Oh ! reason, feeling, justice, mercy,  
All and every power of heart and mind  
Entitled here to judge ;  
By their God-given light,  
We summon you to say,  
If this were to be good.

Still steals a murmur on my ear,  
Rebellious, unbelieving,  
And discontent with Heaven's high decree  
Betrays man's wandering,  
Who,—left of God, errs ever?  
For a warped heart does twist aside the mind.  
What though the truth shine bright and clear,  
Blind man, with scaly eyes perceives it not,  
But turns to falsehood and to guile;  
Yet living truth shines on,  
Inwoven with the texture of God's words,  
From first to last  
The blessing and the curse  
Repeated oft.  
Direct and indirect, expressed, implied,  
And recognized from every point of view,  
So that though each announcement hazy to dim eyes  
Were set aside,  
Still shines serene the mighty truth unveiled,  
Above all earthly mist;  
Justice and mercy, living streams of light,  
Run parallel through all the word of God,  
And through all time He has been teaching man  
That infinite, unending as His love,  
So—sovereign justice reigns.  
For even as purity, with health is linked,  
So justice still with mercy dwells,  
And righteousness with peace,

And sin and woe,  
And holiness and joy  
Are wedded evermore.

---

And evermore the righteous shall be blessed,  
The wicked—cursed ever ;  
And as in holiness the righteous rise,  
In blessedness they grow.  
Even so, the wicked, sinking in deep guilt,  
Prove crueller depths of woe ;  
And fiercer torment still,  
With recompense proportionate  
To their misdeeds.

This primal law God wrote upon man's heart,  
And on his inner being while he lives  
It stands engraved ;  
It lasts throughout all time,  
Reaching in its results.  
Unto eternity.  
Obey and live,  
or,  
Disobey and die.  
And ever in accordance with the deeds  
Will be the destiny ;  
According to the works of saint or sinner,  
Will be the weal or woe.

God hath not risked belief in this decree  
On man's misapprehension of a word,  
And though he darken truth distorting texts  
That have no bearing on its verity,  
Yet glorious over the wide fields of thought,  
God's blessed law beams unmistakably,  
    Like the bright sun at noon,  
While the deep shadows only prove its strength.

This curse of God dies not with mortal breath,  
    But lives beyond the grave,  
Proceeding from the attributes of God.  
His justice therefore in this terrible decree  
    Is, like Himself,  
    Unchangeable.

---

And *long as sinners sin* God's judgments last ;  
And high—as rebels heap their guilt on high,  
So high, God's judgments reach unflinchingly  
    With meet reward.  
Till sin-consumed they die,  
God's image quite effaced,—all love, all light,—  
They perish utterly beyond all hope of life.

And deep as vileness sinks in loathsome depths,  
Down blasteth still the breath of mighty curse,  
Degrading yet to lower depths of woe,  
    Proportionate to guilt

Weighed in the balance exquisite  
Of right and wrong,  
With rigour scrupulous  
And fair exactitude,  
Till the last stroke of God Almighty's wrath  
Falls down relentless.

And the lost soul, consumed by sin,  
Is given to death, not life,  
And dies the second death, that knows no spring  
Nor resurrection morn ;  
But utterly destroyed,—as by fire,—  
Or as the moth—crushed hopelessly,  
Is dead for evermore ;  
Only its memory, while it lasts,  
Remains in shame,  
And in contempt unending  
It is buried.  
The mortal death was but the shadow merely,  
The falling of the leaf ;  
This, is the inner being's death,  
The substance of the curse on sin  
Fulfilled.  
Here justice meets with mercy—  
They are one.

---

So do some read the words of our Great Oracle.

---

Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? *Gen. xiii. 25.*

*Gen.* ii. 16, 17, 18. Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat, but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat of it, for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.

*Gen.* iii. 19. Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.

*Gen.* iii. 22. *Lest* he put forth his hand and taste also of the tree of life and eat, and *live for ever*.

*Gen.* iii. 23. Therefore the Lord sent him forth, &c.

*Ezek.* xviii. 4. The soul that sinneth, it shall die.

*James* v. 20. He that converteth a sinner shall save a *soul* from death.

*1 Cor.* xv. 26. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.

*1 Cor.* xv. 54. Death is swallowed up in victory.

*Rev.* xx. 6, 14. And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second *death*.

*Rev.* xxi. 4. And there shall be no more death.

*Matt.* x. 20. And fear not them which kill the body but are not able to *kill the soul*: but rather fear Him which is able to *destroy* both soul and body in hell.

---

## CHAPTER VIII.

### SATAN SHUT UP.

AND lo ! from heaven a mighty angel flies  
Downward to earth ;  
And in his hand a key and massive chain,  
Commissioned by Almighty God  
To bind the devil up,  
And cast him in the pit unfathomable,  
Shut up and safely sealed.

As one intent on solemn duty bound,  
Straightway he flies,  
Like lightning speeding through the vaults of heaven ;  
Sudden he seizes the arch-fiend  
With grasp of nervous power.  
Lo ! how the serpent is surprised,  
Aged as he is in wile and guile.  
Caught up in diligent abuse of granted power,  
And hottest height of mutiny ;  
His tortuous plans—all foiled by simple truth,  
And all his wit outwitted utterly.  
See how he sets his teeth and draws his breath,  
His wrinkled visage,—pale with hellish hate.



Desperate the demon dashes fierce  
On his angelic foe ;  
But lo ! his weapons, faithless to his will,  
Recoil with ten-fold force against himself,  
Repelled by unseen power from off the heavenly shield.  
For malice shafts close not with holiness,  
But swift rebound.  
Innocuous.

Bewildered now, the staggering fiend falls back appalled ;  
Till mustering strength anon  
From maddest passion's power,  
He—wildly howling turns him to the charge.

As the strong lion eyes a furious wolf,  
So views the angel his approach unmoved,  
And with a flash from his electric eye,  
Indignant,  
Stuns the snake,  
Who shivering, quails in every nerve ;  
And dazzled by the light, the dark arch-fiend  
Himself into his halter hastens,  
And galled by fury rushes frantic on,—  
By his mad struggling—only made more sure.

And as a child lifts up a furious bee,  
Or vicious wasp,

Whose sting he fears not for his honied hand,  
    So he the fiend,  
    Midst foaming curses loud,—  
    And flings him forth, with graceful strength,  
    Driving him on with easy breath,  
Then views him awkward tumbling down headlong,  
    Rolling from depth to depth,  
And dancing helpless through the giddy gulfs,  
Like a huge dragon tossed from mountain heights,  
    Stumbling from rock to rock,  
Through gloomy caverns, drear and dread,  
    To yawning depths profound.

Now coiled with subtlety—he feigns stiff death,  
    Still wheeling down,  
His harassed head absorbed in thought intense ;  
    His busy brain worked up  
By his malignant heart, nursing its gall,  
Mixed with keen inward imprecations on himself,  
    For his vain confidence  
    Thus foiled.

Now to its climax boils the ferment up,  
Exploding, like a cauldron filled with steam ;  
Lo ! mustering all his strength, sturdy he halts,  
    Roaring with rage,  
    Like frantic bull fresh caught,  
    Out-bellowing hoarse in wild dismay  
    Intolerant impotence.

Soon his fierce struggles in that potent chain  
Strangle him to the death that never dies,  
While hard he strikes against the heavenly steel,  
Inflicting on himself such cruel wounds  
That even Satanic strength doth quake and quiver.

    Anon, he helpless sinks in sullen grief,

        Amazed ;

        His great strength gone :

        His impious ravings quenched :

        And quelled his savage power

Like a fierce furious fire, with water drenched,

        Though not extinct.

Appalled and faint—reluctant he submits

        To his bright captor's will,

        And latent power—untried.

        And gloriously resolved,

        On steady wing

Flies on undaunted the angelic one ;

Calm driving forth the unwilling fiend

        With firm unwavering aim,

Nor shrinking from his hideous charge,

        Nor awed by dreary route.

Demoniac mutterings blasphemous ooze forth,

        Heavy with hate,

And every breath full charged

With venom dense of tooth and tongue,

Thus nerving more by their loathed utterance,

The loyal cherub's heart,  
Which else perchance might piteous melt,  
Saddened by grief  
At sight of hopeless woe,  
And thus obedience to God's high command  
Yield pain,  
Instead of grateful triumph meet,  
To see God's saints avenged,  
And His will  
Done.

---

Thus is this rebel vile consigned to doom.

---

Arrived at hell's barred gates of gloom,  
Feign to escape these piercing eyes of lustrous light,  
Frantic he rushes in,  
Greeted by such obstreperous mirth  
As deadly demons pour  
From their polluted throats,  
Like sepulchres unclean,  
With flaming eyes, rude, staring, insolent,  
And galling wintry smile deceitful  
They scan their chief.

## CHAPTER IX.

HARK! from before the throne of God a voice!  
Praise Him, His servants all!  
And ye that fear Him—small and great!

And forth from all creation's realms,  
Brake forth a mighty surge,  
Like to the voice of multitudes unending,  
Like to the voice of many thunders rolling,  
Like to the voice of many waters rushing,  
Halleluja!  
Amen!

For God the Lord almighty reigneth.

And lo! within heaven's pearly gate,  
Amazed to find herself amongst the blessed,  
A holy penitent, all pure and free from guile,  
Yet still a mellowing thought of grief long past,  
Did veil her brightness  
Like a soft shade of even.  
Or hazy halo, lingering round the moon,  
Ere in mild splendour she walk forth.

And still, amid the lights, on that calm brow  
There played a chastened ray of memory,  
    That stole up from her heart ;  
Like to a touching melody of early times,  
Softening her lustrous eyes with tender grace  
    Of deepened thoughtfulness ;  
Like liquid light of the young dawn,  
When clouds have ceased their weeping,  
Ere the warm sun has cleared the mists away,  
And as a timid child, chastened at close of day,  
Wakes up at morn, ' midst wealth of mother's love,  
Still silent watching for some token sure,  
    That all has been forgiven,  
    So in meek attitude she waits  
Entranced by song of sainted hosts,  
Fearing to move and find her joy a dream,  
Such as blessed babes dream in their infancy,  
    Ere sin hath dulled their hearts,  
Or poisoned their imaginings.

For she had shrined an idol vain  
In her young earthly breast,  
And the great God had chastened her,  
And long from her in mercy hid  
    His face of tenderness ;  
    Lest tasting heaven's joy,  
She should forget to weep at Jesus' feet,  
And wash her sins away in His pure blood.

In humblest attitude she waits, and hardly dares  
Meek to glance upward toward the Father's throne,  
    But lowly warbles in her heart,  
    Glad there apart and all alone  
    To hymn her full heart's gratitude,  
    Choosing, content, the lowest place,  
Befitting one who has been much forgiven.

So still—and quiet—she knelt, she might have seemed  
    The statue of a saint,  
But that with living voice all earnestly  
    She whispered sweet and low :  
    Like far off echo from an olden psalm,  
    “ My God, I am not worthy.”

And ever from her deepest heart  
    Welled up the secret prayer,  
    “ Lord Jesus, make me like Thyself ;  
    Oh make me pure and clean,  
    More pure, more clean ;  
    Give me Thy truth and love,  
    To make me strong—  
    To do Thy will.”

Two guardian angels reverent  
    Around her hover all unseen,  
Wondering within themselves what this could mean,  
For in their eyes she seemed so pure and clean,

And her immortal soul transparent  
    Beamed full of truth and love,  
    Glorious as God's redeemed ;  
Yet glad was she to take the lowest place  
    And rest apart,  
Nor mingle with the clouds of holy hosts  
    So beautiful and bright,  
Enough for her to see their blessedness ;  
For yet she wot not of her glorious life,  
Absorbed intensely in the love of God,  
She saw not her own living robes of light.

God only, sees her deep emotion calm,  
And as the mother yearns for her loved child,  
Chastened and meek, though wayward once,  
Who waits with humble diffidence behind,  
Drawing sweet hope from seeing others served,  
    And trusting still ;  
So doth God pity her.

All eyes are turned to God,  
And every mouth breathes music in His praise ;  
    But He who seeth all and heareth all  
    Sees her.  
And straight the warbling of that contrite heart  
    Enters within His ear,  
Clear—as none sang but her.



And forth at his command in secret given  
    A mighty angel flies,  
And through the Empyrean cleaves his way  
    Swifter than lightning-flash.  
    Through the mid heaven he flies,  
    Winged by love's impetus,  
Nor rests, till he salutes the timid saint  
With royal summons from the King of Kings,  
And on her head he sets a radiant crown.

With low obeisance meek she listens,  
    And deep delight unfeigned;  
Then rising slow with sweet and childlike grace,  
    At once confiding she ascends,  
More glorious growing as she mounts and soars,  
    More pure, more bright;  
Her white neck curving down with lowliness,  
    Her pure face shading modestly  
    With her soft snowy wing  
To veil the gladness of these lustrous eyes  
    So bright with bliss o'erflowing,  
That fleecy veil hides not the drooping weight  
    Of their meek loveliness.

Lo! to the throne of God conducted safe,  
    He leads her shrinking still  
To hear the blessing welcome of her Lord.

Humbly before the great white throne  
    She casts her crown, .  
    And bowing low adores her God;  
While high is heard the liquid tones  
    Of that soft mellow heart  
    Swelling with grateful love.  
And pure, and clear, and full her sweet calm voice  
    Blends in with all the blessed  
    In ecstasy.  
“Worthy the Lamb that died,” they cry,  
    “To be exalted thus.”  
Pouring their whole souls forth in grateful song  
    Meet for the Saviour’s ear.  
Communing thus with all the saints in truth and love  
    She tastes the highest bliss of the redeemed,  
    The worship of their God.

Now heard I, awed, a pause intense !  
Felt deep and far, and wide, as ceased the holy song.

A pause

Wherein the melodies of this new life,  
Seemed sounding still in ravished ears,  
And filling all with holy thoughts ;

Kindling each heart  
To deep seraphic love,  
And wrapt devotion, burning silently.

---

Hark ! heavenly airs !

A thought of music sweet swells on the breeze.

Do thus the heavenly zephyrs play ?

Or, is it music from the soul of angel,

Or of man ?

Wandering like fragrance o'er the airs of heaven,  
Nearer—and—louder, clearer—yet they swell—

These holy notes.

Emotions living from the heart of the redeemed

In unity of soul, with rich variety

Their thoughts flow rolling on from mind to mind,

Glowing from heart to heart,

Till the full harmonies of mind and soul

Burst into sacred song, for heaven meet,

Touching and tender, clear and sweet,—

Melodious numbers smoothly flowing on—

Now singing low as rippling fairy streams,

Lulling the sweet young flowers to sleep  
    On the green banks,  
Or sighing softly like the morning winds  
    Laden with love.  
Now like unto a torrent rushing,  
    Impetuous in its strength,  
They freely pour their spirits forth,  
    Powerful in unison.  
Their voices countless as the stars,  
    But their great heart all one,  
And from their heaving bosoms  
    Sweet music gushing swells.  
From voices clear as truth, responding quick  
Each tone and shade of being faithful told,  
Fall into time and place harmonious,  
Blending in one infinity of notes,  
    Varied "as numbers numberless."  
With power of changing to eternity ;  
    Expressing nobler thoughts,  
Unfolding higher beauties, as their glories rise,  
Not here one jarring note or harsh discord,  
    Nor hesitation, nor uncertainty,  
The key note—love to God.  
All other loves in unison subservient,  
    Circling around their Lord,  
    As planets round the sun.  
Kept in their place by heavenly magnetism.

Hark! tender strains blend with the higher notes,  
And deep rich tones bear up the meek with strength;  
And cheerful notes, in glorious symphony,  
Chase far away all plaints of penitence.

As light clears off the shades of night,  
Fast brightening into sunny morn,  
And sunny morn, to perfect day,  
Thus joyful notes catch up the timid tones  
Of chastened lowliness;  
And draw them on from fear—to fervent love,  
And holiest confidence,  
Exulting in the triumphs of their king.

Their voices sound like mighty waters rushing,  
Hark! louder roars the rolling tide,  
And louder still!  
Till every sense in sound is merged.  
Heaven's sacred arches ring,  
And every creature, small and great,  
Angels and hierarchs,  
Join in the anthem holy,  
Till, far and wide, through all creation echo  
The voices of the blest—to Zion's king,  
Flowing on—in one full choral symphony,  
And circling round  
The Eternal Father's throne.

And with a blessing-glance of His all-seeing eye,  
Christ numbers all His saints,  
And with the travail of His soul  
He rests well satisfied.

Of all the Father gave Him, *not one* lost,  
And graciously unto them thus He speaks:  
“Come, of my Father blessed,  
Enter the mansions made for you,  
Ere time began.”

And from the first of men,  
All down the track of time,  
Even to the last of God's elect,  
From humblest saint, in holiness the highest,  
Down to the weakest and least diffident,  
All here are gathered safe ;  
In their whole being blessed,  
And free from speck or stain  
In God's pure eye of love.

## CHAPTER X.

### ONE OF THE MANY MANSIONS.

WITHIN a verdant space, ample as heavenly fold,  
'Midst floods of golden light from purest star,  
Or heaven,  
Were gathered creatures, many, fair, and young,  
Graceful as fawns and delicate and good,  
And modest youth and fairy innocence,  
Beauty and tender love  
Blending and mingling joyously,  
In movements tuned to love's spontaneous grace,  
Harmonious as the music of the blessed ;  
In every gesture holiness, breathing out love to God,  
Whose eye delighted—suns their inner life.  
All things were fair, and all were young,  
Save what for strength and beauty wanted time,  
With her maturing hand.

A noble river, deep and calm,  
Flowed o'er a pebbly bed that seemed its home  
For ages undisturbed.

While precious stones of many brilliant hues  
    Sparkled below,  
And stately trees, in which firm strength  
    Held rivalry with grace,  
Seemed sprung from monarchs of the woods,  
Themselves the perfect work of centuries,  
    And formed a sheltering screen  
And depth of shade for tender plants  
    From the too ardent sun.

Fruits of all brilliant hues are here,  
    Ruby and gold and green.  
Here—purple grapes in rich luxuriance wild,—  
There—shining clusters, swelling full, depend  
    Transparent ;  
    Mellow, with sweet green light and pure.  
With springing life the branches upward climb,  
    Filling the arms  
That proudly wave their tempting treasures high.

Old ocean smiling sings her magic lullaby  
To placid sleepers on the sloping green,  
Or rippling, laves the tiny feet  
Of infant angels dancing glad,—  
In mirthful bands along the azure reach,  
Sporting with fearless finny tribes,  
Of shining beauty, varied, rich, and rare,  
    And gorgeous hues ;



Or gathering shells tinted from heaven  
On sands of gold, beneath the crystal wave.

There, near a band of gleeful children sweet,  
The active ape plays off her nimble tricks,  
    High, midst the giddy, bending boughs ;  
Whilst here a knot of snakes make silent sport,  
Arching their shining necks with sportive grace,  
Timing their winning court with homage low,  
To the sweet songs of these blythe hearts,  
    With glib wit circling skilfully,  
    Now harmless all.

The serpent's wisdom still retained,  
    Its guile and poison gone !  
How bright eyes sparkle, as the reptiles bound !  
Hark !—how the young laugh rings out musical  
Midst the clear tones of their sweet merriment,  
    To see the tumult quiet and calm,  
    And wavy swell—

Of that quaint, cresting, curious, curling, dance,  
    And maze of springing heads,  
    Each with its gleg eye mild and wise,  
Now twining fond with tender lithesomeness,  
Now flinging, flying, flouncing, far and near,  
Then solemn swelling as a sound doth swell,  
As if still motionless, yet moving on  
    With mild slow grace  
    And willing reverence.

Love now, not hate, their motive power,—  
For God made nothing ill.

---

Lo! herds of deer with liquid timid eyes  
    Glance through the glades,  
And flying fleet make coy sport  
To groups of children garlanded with flowers;  
The elephant waits on, in peaceful power,  
Proud to be praised by childhood's loving lips  
And flattered by its fond caress  
    For willing service done.  
The faithful dog, affectionate and wise,  
Guides cautiously the silly sheep with watchful care,  
    Which else might lose her way,  
    Loitering by rippling streams,  
    Beguiled by roguish fox,  
Listening with wide credulity to the astounding tales  
Of his bold feats and frolics in the past,  
    And daring deeds,  
While he disporting on the plain holds her amused,  
Unmindful of her distance from the flock  
    And night's approach.

Here,—children play with the swift watercourse,  
Stemming its tide impatient to roll on,  
There—with art toys they try their strength and powers,  
Studying unconsciously for heart's delight,

Old nature's steady laws,  
God-given.  
Here fountains play, and rushing waters fall,  
And rippling streams feed water mills,  
And mimic lakes appear  
Whereon strange vessels ply original,  
And young ideas learn to clothe themselves  
And test their truth by facts.  
So, youth attains that rule which God hath given  
To Adam's race  
O'er all insensate things.

There—pearly waters, stream from mountain heights,  
Brilliant in rainbow hues.  
Now—foaming soft they cream,  
Now—eddyding mazy, quiet along they glide,  
Stirred in their depths below.  
Anon they murmur in love's plaintive tones,  
Now musing,—hasten mournfully  
In dreamy mood, but still intent  
Advancing on triumphant.  
Lo! now they, laughing with wild glee  
Dash on from rock to rock,  
Adorning rugged rocks with passion's beauteous power.  
Lone hollows ring with mirthful songs of life,  
Wild music uncontrollable  
From nature's joyous heart.  
The ear drinks in the grateful sounds,

And the enchanted soul adores her God,  
That solitudes with many voices speak,  
    Shadowing the Deity ;  
Or whispering low to the awed human heart  
    Of tender love,  
For ever warbling with sweet liquid flow,  
    God, our own God, is here.

With work perpetual they obey His will,  
    Attesting still the constancy  
Of God's good laws,—great in simplicity,  
And fill the air with earnest notes,  
A full deep bass to nature's melodies.

Minute economy is here, to atoms reaching down,  
Conjoined to bounteous plenty overflowing,  
And liberality profuse,  
Yet nothing lost or spent unmeaningly,  
But all straight, tending to some generous end.

There—happy songsters join in artless lays  
    With quick response,  
Caught up from band to band the strain spreads far,  
    In sweetest harmony,  
Till fields, and groves, and sunny dells around  
    Ring with the deep heart's melody ;  
And rich emotions of the soul well up  
    In living numbers,

Beauty and chastest love in music clad  
Varying as hues of thought.  
Hark, how the tone is changed !  
Tales of the past sing in the sighing wind,  
As,—soft and low it breathes forth fond regrets,  
And strange and tender, wild, and sweet,  
It wakes up echoes of old bygone times,  
Like memories of mother's love  
In far off sunny homes,  
Or infant dreams of bliss  
Beneath a father's smile.

And lo ! within a circle crystalline  
Of softer light,  
Bright bands of blessèd babes called from the birth,  
Angelic children fair and young,  
With shining hair like gold  
In waving ringlets flowing,  
Transplanted infantine to heavenly bowers.  
Blest guardians fill the air on either side,  
Delighting in their joy.  
These aged saints, youthful in guileless love,  
Keep tender watch and ward,  
Though here is danger never known nor feared,  
But heard of only as a dreamy tale  
Of far-off time and place, for children's pastime meet,  
And as by contrast raising grateful thoughts  
Of safety, more endeared thus.

In heavenly groves they plume their airy wings,  
Close by life's ample stream,  
Basking the while in Jesu's smile  
Beside life's tree, not here denied.  
Their voices come like music soft and clear  
O'er peaceful waters,  
Or swell like love's sweet melodies  
On the celestial breeze,  
Waking up hallowed thoughts  
And happy dreams of infancy,  
When once they sleeping smiled,  
Touched by the magic of a mother's eye,  
Shadow sent down of real bliss in heaven;  
And sweet their praises rise into the ear  
*Of Him*—the Unchangeable,  
Whose mighty arm wheels rolling worlds of light,  
Or gathers lambs  
And gently leads the burdened and the young;  
*Of Him*, who, while he sojourned on our earth,  
Loved and defended babes  
From cold false sanctity,  
Folding them to His breast  
With blessing love,  
And, gathering many to His home above,  
Saves childhood's beauty from the taint of earth;  
And perfect are the praises of those babes,  
Warbled from hearts unstained by guileful thoughts,  
And lips, unholy word hath ne'er profaned;

And like the moon's mild beams  
So from their meek and dove-like eyes  
Glide down pure, gentle thoughts, like rays from  
    heaven,  
Yet joyous as the summer's dawn  
That wakes the birds to sing.

## CHAPTER XI.

### EARTH'S DESOLATION.

AND now the hoary earth behold,  
    With ashes on her head,  
Her beauty marred, her glory in the dust,  
    Her pride laid low !  
Her ancient mountains from afar  
    See God Almighty,  
And bowing low their lofty heads  
    Crumbling depart.  
    The little hills  
With trembling haste away,  
The depths, too, hear Jehovah's voice,  
And yearning cry in anguish to each other,  
    Deep calling unto deep ;  
The fountains troubled in their caverns dark dry up ;  
In gloomy terror rise the waters, wailing,  
Surging their grief out in heart-broken sighs,  
Within the dark abyss, wild rushing to and fro ;  
    Life ebbs,  
And from her inmost core, the whole earth groans ;



Now yawning faint,  
Now gasping short, she struggles horror-struck,  
Losing her hold of life.  
And heavily her bosom heaves oppressed ;  
Health gone,  
Her strong foundations shake and slide away,  
Now quivers short and thick the fever of her breath,  
Fast flies her flickering pulse unsteadily,  
And like to dissolution are her throes ;  
Like doom, the shades of death  
Brood over her,  
Darkening her face convulsed,  
While noisome mists arise  
Like cold sweat-damps, up from the face of death.

---

Loud and awful,  
Thundering across the centuries of time,  
Soundeth loud and clear,  
Swelling as it rolls from age to age,  
An echo,  
From the mouth of the Eternal,  
“Cursèd is the ground for thy sake !”  
Fulfilled and re-fulfilled,  
Intensified on sin’s developments,  
“Cursèd is the ground for thy sake !”  
Its anguish—its disruption—its dissolution

Re-echo  
In dying sighs  
Faint,  
And yet fainter,  
Accursèd !

---

Worms of the earth, and snakes, and dragons vile,  
And deadly serpents eating dust,  
Creeping and sprawling, hating, hissing,  
Their language venom of foul tooth and tongue,  
Vex the deserted globe,  
Now like the face of death, prey to corruption vile.

---

Eat on, ye serpents sleek and slimy !  
Ye have your work and mission of a day ;  
Clear—clean away—the refuse vile,  
Left of foul sin,  
That so, by your mysterious alchemy  
It be annihilated—for once and aye.  
Meet is it ye should reap the loathsome fruit  
Of what ye brought—to curse our globe ;  
Your menial task complete,  
Receive the labouring wing, as meet reward

On which to hasten to the shades below ;  
There, endless work awaits you, worms undying,  
    Who prey upon the dead.  
Stay—leave a remnant yet to prey upon each other,  
Till of your cursèd race but one be left.  
Fit prison for that fiendish prince of guile,  
    Who chose your shape at first,  
Sliding and crawling down—like shade of death,  
    Your hiss even silent.  
Your green eye glaring with malicious grin  
On our poor mother Eve all innocent of ill ;  
And straining every nerve—in breathless tension,  
    Lest your vile plot should fail,  
Fain will you be ere long to flee from earth,  
Fainer than when you came  
With pride elate and undulating grace  
    Amidst the flowers of Eden,  
    To make your grand mistake  
And find yourself thus foiled eternally.

---

Cease your discordant merriment, ye spirits evil ;  
Too soon you raise your cruel shouts triumphant,  
For all your wicked schemes blasphemous,  
    Through ages of time past,  
    Have come to naught,  
Or, frustrated, have turned against yourselves,  
A keener edge of the avenging sword ;

While gloriously to us have they drawn forth  
The justice and the mercy  
Of our God.

---

Not this—the darkness of the second death,  
Your hate devised ;  
But the blèssed shadow of the Almighty wing  
Brooding again—as once—o'er chaos old  
To bring forth glorious life.

---

Fast fall, ye gentle snows, all mazy and confused,  
And hide her desolation and decay ;  
And reverent cover up the worn out form  
Of mother earth,  
Despoiled of life and health apparently,  
And all adornment gone.  
She is redeemed with man, and sacred still,  
Not here in hopeless death,—but sleeping thus,  
She will revive in beauty yet ;  
Her shell alone with the sad curse is dead ;  
Her better life within reposes safe.  
Go, soft embrace her wasted frame  
In your pure snowy folds,  
With silent honours due,  
And solemnly perform her funeral rites  
With pity's tender hand,  
And loving hope.

Ye mournful winds,  
A sweet, wild requiem sing  
With tenderness ;  
While shrouded by night's starry canopy,  
All solemn and serene she rests in peace.  
Soon, waked by God, she will arise  
Refreshed,  
To brighter glory—and immortal spring.

---

No ! nature is not dead ;  
But like a child awake at early morn,  
Refreshed by sleep,  
She waits, impatient, to fly forth to joyous life.  
Wearied of rest, and of life's chasm,  
While all around her still lies desolate,  
She pictures wondrous things in wild profusion,  
Taking what comes in dreams as types and emblems,  
Finding resemblances in things unlike,  
And mingling all in one bold prophecy.  
And thus, renewed in youthful energy,

---

Finds solace in her loneliness,  
Sketching in shades of white—the beauty soon to be.

---

Here—fairy forms all sparkling clear, like diamonds  
pure and bright,  
And delicately frosted o'er ;  
There—forms for living leaf and flower and tree,  
And creeping plants for drapery of thickets and ravines,  
And river sides, or by the waterfalls,  
And graceful branches drooping low ;  
With wealth of lovely flowers,  
And simple roses wandering wild, to fill the air  
With sweetness.

---

And all these wonders changing curiously,  
With every breath of heat or cold,—  
Into new shapes and types,  
Not seen before by human eye, nor dreamt of yet,—  
Tell of His gift—by whom she is inspired,  
Commissioned to make earth again  
The garden of the Lord.  
And here all secretly she tries her hand  
Until the happy dawn  
When she may freely work, and boldly paint

In earnest joyfulness,  
Beneath Heaven's smile.

---

Here drifting winds with stormy blasts  
Raise hills and glaciers, or sink deep ravines,—  
Form temples, grottoes, bridges, aqueducts ;  
While aged trees keep watch and ward,  
Leafless and bare, without a fruit or flower,  
With hoary heads all draped in white,  
Like ghostly sentinels  
Weighted with wisdom—or with years.

---

And Heaven, relenting, graciously looks down  
On this wild waste,  
All still and cold, dismal and chaste, and lifeless,  
Bereft of love and warmth, and joy and gladness,  
—Looks down,—  
In tender pity,  
And bids its floods of living streams flow forth apace !  
And swift they flow, all soft and pure,  
To fructify the ground.  
And warm winds blow at His command,  
And mild they lift from earth her snowy garb ;  
And quickly melt her glaciers piled on high,  
Touched by the sun's most ardent rays,  
Till rolling rapidly they bathe the earth,

Sweeping all useless things away ;  
Leaving her fresh,  
And full of teeming life,  
Green springing fast o'er every hill and field,  
Valley or mountain range ;  
So nature is set free to use God's laws  
Of life and liberty.

---

Bright angels passing,  
Poise on their snowy wings in the blue air,  
And linger—thoughtful, sweetly chanting  
Of thankful hope, and sympathy and joy,  
And holy wonder !

---

Cease, then, ye spirits cruel, these mad rejoicings  
Over our fallen globe ;  
For not in vain  
God's eye of pity fell on her,  
As far she wandered from her path



In God's creation—  
Lost !

---

These were not throes of death, as ye—malicious, hoped !  
But pangs, blessed pangs, that usher in  
Far nobler—higher life.  
God's curse to man, received as just  
In penitent submission,  
Is better far to us—than all your lures and baits—  
Lies all.

---

From out the curse immortal blessings spring ;  
The pangs no more remembered for the coming joy.  
That shadow of deep gloom, so like to death,  
Will pass with you,  
When our *Light* comes,  
Sweeping your legions, all unclean and dark,  
Into the shades below.  
Flying to hell, like swine into the sea !  
His curse within them.  
And all your venomous hate, and envious persecution,  
Have callèd forth a far more ardent love,  
And tenderer care, for his poor tempted flock,  
From God ;  
And we will live to serve him evermore

On his own planet  
Earth !

---

Grudge not—or, if ye like it, grudge—  
The blessings ye can witness never  
Nor can mar !  
Out of this second chaos, dreadful more  
Than when thick darkness brooded o'er the deep,  
Ere time began,  
Ariseth a new earth, of which young Eden fair  
Was yet scarce emblem meet,  
But shadow—broken soon.

---

These are not throes of death, as ye had hoped ;  
But pangs, the forerunners of blessed life !  
High heaves the bosom of the earth,  
But glorious forms are born from out her depths,  
There—lofty mountains raise their heads  
In range magnificent, towering to heaven ;  
Here—valleys deep, and glens and river beds,  
And dells and knolls, for fairy beauty formed ;  
And each convulsion pours new wonders forth,  
Re-modelling our earth—to loveliness.  
No burning wastes are left for scorching drought  
To wither up all life—  
Ere yet from embryo it start ;

But deserts wild fair blossom as the rose,  
Around each pole where life before  
Was frozen into death  
Rise fertile hills ;  
And all along stretch fields of living green,  
Down to the verge of flowing waters  
That ever gladly sing  
With cooling wave sonorous.  
Stretching out kindly arms in lake and loch,  
Inviting inlands to their broad highway ;  
While sportive breakers fringe  
The deep blue sea with purest white,  
And soft embrace the golden sands,  
Or dash their dancing waters high  
Far up amongst the ancient rocks,  
Wild—laughing to the sun.

---

Each throe convulsive heaves forth precious things,  
And costly stones, and pearls and purest gems,  
For earth's adornment meet ;  
With rocks and mountains, valleys, rivers, glens,  
A plan of beauty to be clothed henceforth  
In loveliness immortal.  
Heaven could not weep in vain,  
Pouring down useless pity  
Without help.  
Spare, then, your joy, ye demons cruel !

These kindly showers are no weak fruitless tears,  
Nor tokens of despair that never weeps ;  
But torrents blèssed—reviving parched earth,  
    The harbinger of life ;  
Heaven's bounty overflowing ;  
Waters of life—containing precious seed  
    To vegetate immortal,  
When heaven shall, shining clear,  
    Smile down again  
On the young beauteous earth  
    Twice born,  
Brought back—baptized from heaven,  
Arising virgin-like from her immersion  
    In life's river  
    Purified,  
To take her place amongst the holy stars.

---

The last dregs of the curse are spent,  
And out of them by God's decree,  
Return, now all things " good."  
As at the first, pronounced by God.  
    But better far, His good work perfected,  
A new development more beautiful—  
Corruption changed to glory !  
And wintry woe to summer's joy,  
And death to higher life without decay,  
    Unfading and eternal !

Lift then your heads aloft,  
Ye mountains everlasting !  
For never more shall trembling seize upon you.  
Rejoice, ye little hills on every side ;  
In tender light and shade  
Clothe your bright slopes in softest velvet green,  
And fragrant flowerets sweet and wild,  
Exulting in your strength.  
Ye valleys, break forth in immortal song !  
For ne'er shall nipping frost nor withering blight  
Pass o'er your bloom again ;  
Nor thorns nor thistles choke the growth  
Of precious plants—upon you,  
Nor venom'd snake, in slimy folds,  
Lie coiled in wait—deceitful.  
Amidst your shady bowers  
No subtile serpent now shall bask  
In its green changing hues of jealousy,  
With meek hypocrisy, hiding a devil sleek ;  
Tempting to sin ;  
For all things now are safe,  
As good and beautiful.

## CHAPTER XII.

### EARTH'S PREPARATION TO WELCOME HER LORD.

COME forth, ye spirits of the rocks !  
Fetch up your secret treasures  
In silence and in solitude, slow formed  
By mystic energies, in caverns dark ;  
Far in the depths of the unfathomed past,  
In mine, or fell, or at earth's hidden core,  
Commenced when her foundations first were laid  
By God.

And gathering up a harvest from your beds,  
Inspired by heaven,  
Erect a temple high and holy  
To the one living God,  
Triune !

There on the mountain height sublime,  
Apart and still,  
In solemn sabbath quietude,  
Resting in peace.

There form the court,  
With massive columns fretted curiously,  
All ready chiselled in the mountain caves,  
Of nature's secret workshop,  
For her king !  
Raise high the sacred arch magnificent,  
That all around the solemn anthem peals  
May swell harmonious echoes,  
And stones may find melodious voice to God,  
Catching sweet music up from human hearts.

---

Come on, come all, ye patient spirits of the past ;  
Labour ye now, all joyous in the light,  
And rear sublime, a mighty building, stretching far  
In awful beauty chaste,  
Grand in simplicity !  
And like a Father's forehead high  
Beaming with hallowed love,  
That atmosphere of blessedness,  
Shadowed in time  
By home.

---

Come, rear a glorious temple, emblem pure  
Of love and truth divine ;  
Where majesty may sit enthroned in peace,  
In every aspect beautiful,

Perfect—entire  
Within—without—speaking one thought to God.

---

Raise high the lofty dome,  
Till, softened in the sky, it seem  
Midway 'tween earth and heaven ;  
Till high above it fades in light,  
Or hides its noble head serene  
In clouds of snowy white.

---

And let the loftiest pinnacles,  
In reverent silence wait, at break of day,  
To catch the earliest rays of the undelaying sun,  
Rising from out the sea ;  
That when the morn, with balmy breath,  
Rolls soft aside the curtains of the night,  
They, glowing with devotion, may present,  
With love ineffable,  
Earth's waking smile to God.

---

Come, genii of the past !  
Bring forth some meet adornments  
For this fair house of God ;  
Come with the first fruits of earth's precious things,



And treasures of the deep,  
An offering to God.

---

And let rich light from solemn window stream,  
As water pure from gems of every dye ;  
Place here the ruby with her loving ray,  
    From glowing heart.  
Set there the sapphire, with her deep blue eye,  
    Reflecting peace,  
Caught from the light of heaven serene,  
    Ere sin spread mists between us.  
There lift a crown of queen-like diamond pure,  
    Sparkling as radiant stars  
    In the clear ether blue.  
And round them all, stud costly stones,  
    With storèd light, enshrined.

---

There imitate the crystalline  
    In fairest fantasy,  
And with a frosty veil of gossamer  
    Adorn the deep rich coloured gems ;  
Till mild they shine, like beauty veiled  
    In radiant modesty.

---

There picture forth the plants and leaves,  
Foreshadowing the coming spring,

Of wondrous loveliness prolific,  
In tree, and shrub, and flower.  
Now gorgeous in high clusters of delight,  
Now lowly hiding their sweet beauty chaste,  
And with fine veins bisect  
The priceless crystals,  
Slow ripened in far ages of the past,  
Uncounted yet.

---

There, let all stones find use appropriate,  
To symbol forth the Almighty maker's mind  
And meaning in His handiwork ;  
There, awful shadow forth infinite strength  
In the bold ancient rocks ;  
There let the mercy seat stand forth,  
In hallowed beauty calm and mild,  
Teaching the light to breathe around  
An air of love celestial,  
And tender pity's grace  
Reflected back from Him  
Who thought on man—ere yet He laid  
Earth's strong foundations,  
Or hid her fountains in the rocky depths.

---

There in long colonnade, raise pillars high,  
In true gradation by their ancientness,

Teaching the infant man  
Some faint idea of the past of time,  
And generations of the olden years.  
That reckoning up earth's ages by these stones,  
He thus may learn more of his littleness,  
Looking into the past,  
And catch through chinks of time,  
Some glimpses of Great God's eternity.

---

There let him come to meditate  
On the vast power creative  
Of God omnipotent,  
The only God !  
The first and last !  
Besides Whom there is none,  
Nor ever was,  
Nor shall be !

---

There let the fossils tell of past creations manifold,  
And opening wide the leaves consecutive,  
Of nature's folded book,  
Show wondrous pictures luring on  
The curious mind of man.  
Teaching him to adore high God, his God,  
In stony records of His varied works,  
Shrined in the deep recesses of the past,  
That seem to man infinities.

There let them come to muse  
On years of ancient times,  
Ere man was made of dust,  
Till his deep kindling thoughts catch fire,  
Inspired by God, to wander back long flights,  
Safe resting on the stepping stones  
    Of facts demonstrative—  
Back to the first beginning God revealed,  
The boundary alike to ancient time  
    And man's imaginings  
Of his creator's doings on our globe.

---

Most blessed abode !  
Whereto the tribes of earth shall oft go up,  
And social meet, as in a father's home,  
    To love each other,  
    And worship with one heart  
    High heaven's Lord—  
    Earth's Saviour king,  
Adorèd now throughout earth's utmost bounds.

---

Kindle your little hearts, ye minstrels of the air,  
    For joyful greeting,  
And make sweet melody to meet  
    The chorus of the skies.

Ye humble flowers, send forth your rich perfumes,  
As incense from the ground,  
Proofs of His life and love;  
Spread far and wide o'er the green sward  
A carpet, meet for heaven's king.  
On clouds magnificent He comes in heavenly state,  
The son of God!  
Not now a stranger militant without a home,  
Rejected of His own, serving poor rebels vile,  
Dying for man's life.  
But here to fix His glorious throne,  
Heaven's royalty!  
And welcomed by each grateful heart as king,  
To rule on earth—now holy earth,  
For His sake—seven times blessed,  
And to be cursèd  
Never!

---

Ye water sprites  
Play not within your fountains,  
But gush forth freely with low music wild,  
To beautify the earth and fructify;  
And where the ground is driest,  
There sweep majestic, leaving all her meadows green;  
Here sparkling, spring from the cool grot,  
And wind along her rich ravines;  
There rush, and cream, and foam from the hill top,

Or fall like showers of diamonds full of light,  
Or rest like pearl drops on each leaf and flower;  
Or full and clear, and deep, and blue, and pure  
    Like beauty's eye,  
Reflect from the calm lake, amidst the hues of heaven,  
The thoughts and love of all who gaze on you.

---

That lofty mountain go and fond caress,  
    Twining around its base ;  
    Enfold his stony battlements,  
    Press close your yielding breast,  
    As meekness clings to strength,  
Warbling sweet melodies with humble constant love,  
    Content and pure.

---

Grieve not, though still aloft in silent state,  
Calmly he rears his cool head solemnly,  
Unbending and unmoved by change below,  
Nor deigns to stoop and mark your winning ways ;  
Yet smiles He oft protecting, imaging himself,  
    In thy pure bosom blue.  
And in his deep and hidden heart,  
Refreshed he owns thy loving sway,  
    To draw forth fruit and flower  
And clothe his banks with green.

There go and pour thy element  
From thousand rills and streams,  
In one resplendent river ;  
And there to spacious lake let gathering waters swell ;  
There let bright emerald isles sleep on her placid breast,  
Soft beaming under streaming light,  
Or smiling up to sunny skies,  
Angels and fleecy clouds.

---

Now, rapid roll around that wooded slope,  
Then glide majestic through wide plains,  
And graceful bend, and freely flow and wind ;  
There—sweeping with quiet power your mighty tide,  
Dispensing fruitfulness on either bank  
Of your cool broad highway, all clear and calm,  
Through sunny vales,  
Where thousands swim, or sail, or skim along  
On the light wing of joy,  
That where a wilderness deserted lay,  
The fertile valleys now may shout for mirth,  
And the glad hills may sing.

---

Ye spirits of the woods !  
Complete your work with speed,  
Nor longer rest within your myrtle bowers,  
Conning your subtle chemistries

Of earth and water, air and light.  
Come forth and spare no pains for rich variety,  
And tender beauty—delicate ;  
Add here a denser shade, and there more airy grace.  
The Lord again doth come to walk,  
With the blest seed of Eve  
Amidst thy shades,  
As once with holy Adam ere he fell.

---

Loiter not in your work, for God is near ;  
Ye must not pause lest ye be late,  
Thus giving vent, untimely, even to gladness,  
And unrestrained delight benevolent ;  
Rest not—nor day nor night,  
But labour earnestly with your best skill,  
Speed on, enchanted with your noble arts,  
From God.  
According to His laws—by men called nature,  
Till all your forests wave luxuriant,  
Decked in the freshest hues of every tint and shade,  
Adorned with fruit and flower,  
In cluster, or festoon.  
Worthy the Lord, a marriage feast  
For Him (miscalled the Nazarène),  
The Hebrew king, by ancient prophets sung,  
Whom earth knew not—but crucified,  
Her Saviour and her Lord.



Haste on your glorious work,  
Bright angels of the azure blue;  
With diligence fulfil your holy task,  
Lest ye be charged with folly.  
Sporting thus joyously—your work not done,  
And the high heavens appear not clean  
In the pure eyes of God.

---

Ye ministers of light! where be ye now?  
Still basking, in your dreamy rays,  
On pillows of delight.  
Wake up your trusting hearts and watch—  
The time draws nigh.  
Hear ye no echo in your hearts?  
Wells there no stirring hope  
Deep in your bosoms bright?  
Feel ye no sure presentiment  
Like breath of earliest spring?  
A misty haze still loiters o'er the sea;  
Up from the waters riseth still a dew  
That dims earth's beauteous face;  
The skies yet wear too sombre hues—  
Tell-tales of recent woe.

---

A memory of weeping lingers mournful yet!  
That deep repose that settles o'er the hills

Seems too like sleep.  
Yea—even that awful depth of light,  
Intense and still,  
Hath too much glare and sameness;  
And weighs upon the human heart like night,  
Still whispering low some thought of loneliness.

Come, spirits bright! sweep all these mists away;  
Their work is done.

Earth's face is fresh and clear!  
And all her fountains full, spring with new life.  
Now let heaven's light ineffable pour down,  
Even to the heart of all that lives:  
And let each face, reflected to the skies,  
Be full of mirth and gladness.  
Let no created thing fail now in joyfulness,  
All pure and unrestrained,  
Answering its end to show God's goodness forth,  
All sin and weeping now are fled;  
Let no sad trace of sorrow past  
Dim fair creation's face.  
Let no eye now be dull, or coldly clear,  
But full of radiant light,  
Warm brightening up for welcome to her king.

---

Stay! spare these fleecy clouds,  
And let them rest, with their soft pinions spread,

Hovering o'er tender things with sheltering care,  
Like guardian angel's wing.  
No sorrow blights their tenderness ;  
Their hope and promise sweet,  
No sadness mars.  
Now let the sunbeams dance from out their heart,  
Like softened melodies from mother's breast,  
From clouds of light and secrecies of joy.

---

The beautiful moon, like a victor queen,  
Walked forth in majestic calm ;  
Around her a halo of wisdom beamed—  
Sweet as that which has looked on sorrow—  
And the gloom of the darkness hasted away  
As the graceful flow of her radiant robes  
Filled her wide fields with virgin light ;  
And the earth shone fair in her vestal ray,  
Like a veiled bride in her garments white,  
Pure as the blessed !  
She wore but one gem in her coronet—  
Love's star.

---

Behold !

He comes !

Like morning light, He comes

To chase all mists away.

Our Saviour comes,

The King of kings, the Lord of lords,

With manhood's genial sympathies,

And loftiest powers ;

All high, and deep, and wide as human soul,

And love beyond a woman's.

His tenderness divine disdains all bounds ;

And those who, likest him, have deepest drunk

In sorrow's cup,

Feel most its blessedness ;

And ever forth from Him with power resistless radiate

The purest, holiest, gentlest charities.

---

With heavenly hosts He comes—

The Son of God,

The Prince of Peace—

With healing for the broken heart,

And balm for spirit's grief.

Far from the end of heaven He comes—

From where bright orbs have shone

In blessed silence deep

For ages rolled on ages circling round.

For ages,

Which, lost to human count,  
Aye, seem to baffled man, eternities,  
Yet, to the God that made them, are as yesterday ;  
Or as a watch of night to mortal man  
When in the morn he wakes.

---

Be these the mansions He has made for man ?

---

Call ye no more earth common or unclean :  
Naught grovelling or mean can find a place  
Within the kingdom of our Lord.  
All things are pure,  
As all are perfect from His hand ;  
And loving labour from the lowliest here  
Is noble work, and service honourable,  
Accepted of her King.

---

For God made man like to Himself,  
And fitted him for varied work,  
From freest love's necessity.  
Each power was given for service high,  
Not one to lie and rust ;  
For nothing lowers man like idle sloth,  
So wearing and so weary ;  
But here where God's command is done,  
The heart beats high with bounding life,

And labouring arms are strong,  
And hands are skilled in cunning workmanship,  
And strength—hercùlean ;  
And eye and nerve are sure and steady ;  
And reason guides the steadfast will,  
With temper mild and sweet,  
Gentle as fearless power—benign ;  
And every breath is pure  
As fragrance from the dewy violets,  
    When morning breezes wake the flowers ;  
And every face glows in the light serene  
    Of spirit goodness,  
Holy and clear—like infant's sunny smile,  
    Sweet—beaming up from the young life,  
    Of love, truth, innocence.

---

And here combined, are reason pure,  
And deepest pathos—of the loving soul ;  
And holy free exuberance of strength,  
With all the life—and mirth and sportiveness,  
    Of dauntless truth ;  
And justice high—that lives with charity,  
    And fearless purity,  
Fresh—as the breath of God, His first free gift to man,  
    His threefold gift :  
    Life, love, and light,  
    Soul's health.

Here all men bow to the command primeval  
Of six days' labour to do all their work ;  
Now like to God beneficent,  
Love's ministry impulsive, free, and worshipful,  
For holy work with heart-good will,  
From grateful gladness of the loving heart,  
Is true delight to man,  
And worship to his God,  
That fills each day with blessing.

---

In close companionship they work  
In groups congenial,  
Wisely dividing labour, while combining power  
With mutual helpfulness ;  
And social labour from the heart—as sons,  
Breeds ever deeper love and sympathy  
And interest in the common weal ;  
For sons of God love all their Father loves.

---

And now at length have some of Adam's race.  
Learned how to taste the holy joy unselfish,  
Of sacrifice for brother's good ;  
Self-sacrifice for other's greater need,  
Like Him who, loving to the death,  
Yielded His life to rescue man from woe  
And devilish despotism.

From all well up  
Emotions of such kindling power,  
Sweet, true, and reasonable,  
With admiration of the noble minds,  
And powers and works of brethren,  
So perfect in the harmony of thought and feeling,  
That all in rising swift combine  
By natural attraction,  
Mingling with each other sportively,  
Sparkling as light,  
And seem to leave a joy in silent air,  
Even as the sounds fade from the earth,  
Mounting to heaven as incense pure—heart music  
From humanity.

---

So have I seen a tender child,  
Roaming at will in gladness o'er the fields,  
Caught by the love notes of the little lark,  
In spring,  
Singing and soaring up to heaven's gate,  
Till lost to sight  
It leaves the curious child  
Transfixed in wonderment.  
The mild calm air is filled with ravishment,  
And lingering tones of wild sweet melody,  
And soft ethereal warblings of delight,  
And sweetest hopes of all things good



And beautiful and bright,  
Steal o'er her heart of innocence,  
And centering by instinct all in one  
Absorb all sense  
In glorious dreams of heaven's love ;  
Felt—more than thought—  
As if—from far—she heard  
The music of the golden harps,  
And echoes of the angels' songs,  
And basked in Jesu's smile.

---

All movements here are full of grace and beauty,  
And majesty and meekness sport together  
In wild exuberance of glee,  
Free as young children safe in mother's sight.  
All are inspired by moral grace,  
Heaven in each eye, .  
Its spirit living in each heart,  
For beauty's highest grace is holy love's o'erflow,  
Surpassing noblest art  
In tenderness and power.

---

No rude rebellion to superiors here,  
No rising up against the righteous powers,  
Not one a prey to discontent presumptuous,  
Puffed up by foolish sense of fancied merit,

As if the world should bow before his presence,  
And all the cream of life were his by right.  
Harmonious world forsooth ! if each so deified himself  
    As centre of earth's excellence,  
And all its best were but his due.  
But lofty purposes from lowly hearts,  
Broad with true love's expansiveness,  
    Bind all in sacred brotherhood.  
Each in his place appointed feels at home,  
And satisfied finds there both rest and peace.  
The welfare and the joy of all, his welfare and his joy ;  
And genial sympathies responsive radiate everywhere  
    Like the sun's rays,  
One breath, one spirit in them all,  
One royal consciousness of dignity in goodness,  
    And union with their Lord,  
And joy unselfish, that all equally  
    Are children of high God,  
    Blessed with the constant care  
Of Him, the only God, worshipped by all,  
    And called by each  
    Our Father.

---

    In this new earth  
    Each voice is musical  
    And pleasant to the ear,  
More than bird's sweetest song ;

And all at times in unity of soul  
Break forth spontaneous into mirthful strains  
As wild winds free,  
Or rise to songs of victory.  
Then strange responding to some spirit spell,  
Deepen from one will, to solemn notes in anthem holy;  
Or, touching sacred chords in the heart's depths,  
Breathe softly, as the echo of a long past grief  
That leaves no woe,  
Only a beauteous thought  
Of a young life,  
Tender as dearest shade  
Of a loved playmate of the early youth,  
Or golden memory of days gone by;  
Inspiring gentle pity's loving power,  
EVEN AS THE SUN with glorious beams,  
When shadows lengthen on the plains,  
And golden gleams glance through the glades,  
And glorify both hill and dell  
IN HOLY EVENTIDE,  
Touched by the light of her pure star,  
PAINTS HEAVEN in all his beauteous hues,  
Responsive to mild power,  
With wistful meaning in each changing hue  
That speaks like living eye  
O'erflowing with love's mystic light,  
And fills the atmosphere with artless thoughts,  
And spells mysterious, undefined,

That melt the human soul  
To pathos of calm passion's holy power,  
That overcomes the bravest most,  
Till manly breasts heave high with tender love,  
And aspirations of the heart  
That moisten eyes  
Unused to tears.

---

Alas! how often in earth's olden times  
The blight of young life's love has blasted life  
As frost the early blossom,  
And turned the sunniest morn to dreariest day  
Of cold, damp, heartless, hopelessness,—  
All interest gone.  
A sacred sorrow keeping silent watch-within the lonely  
heart,  
Leaving our earthly span  
More like a long sad night  
In ghastly chamber of the dead  
Than day of cheerful life,  
Changing strong growing plants of promise fair  
To barren stems,  
Without or leaf or flower.

---

Such times come now no more.

---

*THE MORN THAT COMETH.*

Ye little birds, rehearse no more  
Your anthems of sweet praise;  
Ye vocal streams flow quiet;  
Ye wild winds, roving through the woods,  
Be still and listen.  
Humming soft and low,  
Creation's key-note,  
Gratitude.

---

Hush, all! and reverently wait, devout,  
Glad listening to the footsteps of your King.  
Let all things living, with suspended breath,  
Watch earnestly—  
Impatient to break forth in one wide hymn of praise.

---

Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!  
Raise high your arches triumphal—  
The king of glory comes!  
At His approach let all things, high and low,  
Break forth in holiest melodies of joy,  
With earnest praise adoring,  
To welcome back to His own world  
Her rightful King.

---

Intently watching! Lo, she hears  
The footsteps of her Lord!  
Along the silence deep of heaven He comes  
From depths of light;  
The clouds His chariot, and the wind His wings;  
His warm breath fans her, and her bosom glows  
With rapturous joy  
And heart devotion.  
Fain would she humbly hide her head,  
And turn away,  
As one unworthy of such bliss.  
With fleecy veil she seeks to screen  
Her overflowing joy;  
Responding from her deepest heart  
To his fond eye of love;  
But swift approaching in His brightness He enfolds her,  
And on her modest front He sets a radiant crown.  
Lo! all her bridal garments shine as purest gold!  
The whole earth now is gloriously serene,  
And, as of yore,  
Acknowledgèd  
Good in God's sight.

---

Let distant worlds, wondering, behold,  
Fair earth revived;  
And swelling forth magnificent,  
Far brighter than the sun—  
Fit temple for her Lord.

“Let the high heaven rejoice,  
Ascribing to Jehovah strength and glory.  
Honour and majesty before Him ride in state,  
And might and beauty dwell  
Within His holy place.”

## CHAPTER XIII.

### WHAT IS MAN?

LORD, what is man that Thou so kind to him shouldst be?  
A worm, or dust, a runaway, a rebel;  
And what is earth amidst immensities,  
Where clustering clouds of radiant stars  
Are still as specks in heaven,  
Or like some sand grains on the ocean shore?

---

Yet rather ask we  
What is God?  
And say then, what is man,  
Thus daringly to scan the doings of Jehovah?  
Or dictate which of all the orbs of heaven  
Is fittest to receive the presence of His Son.

---

To judge by earthly types,  
Doth not the mother aye shower down  
Her tenderest love



On her sick child,  
And lavish most her anxious care unceasing  
Upon her weakest,  
Rejoicing most in his return to strength?  
The father warmest greets his prodigal returned,  
So, will not God  
And holy angels who fulfil his will  
Rejoice thus, over our lost world now found?  
Making a feast of love for those He plucked  
By grace divine from hopeless woe,  
For His lost child, His prodigal restored.

---

True! what is earth, our little earth,  
To yonder orbs celestial,  
With their majestic trains  
Sweeping their wide magnificence  
Through the vast vaults of heaven?  
And what our little stud of stars,  
Like specks of golden mist  
Or streak of milky hue,  
To yonder galaxies of glowing light  
Blazing in glory, unimagined yet,  
And rolling on through oceans of blue space  
Unfathomable,  
Clustering midst fields of peaceful light ineffable,  
And with calm dignity,  
Obediently pursuing their tremendous paths

Through deep recesses of immensity,  
Responding all to one almighty will,  
    Circling on, ever on,  
    In solemn quietude  
Impelled by secret law of Him  
    Who, changing all things, yet remains  
    Himself unchanged?  
    Dwelling on high alone  
    In purest light unsearchable.  
True! what our fleeting hour  
To their vast cycles shadowing infinity?  
And what the sweep of human history to theirs?  
Waxing in awful ages of the past,  
    So deep engulphed  
    That giddy man, affrighted,  
    Turns his weak eyes away,  
    Owning his numbers fail  
    To touch their distances.  
Waning so far on in eternity  
That mortal man despairs their track to trace  
    Even in idea.  
And all bewildered with no resting place  
His mind sinks down, lost in huge measurements  
    Beyond its grasp,  
Which leave the exhausted intellect behind  
    With barren numbers,  
High sounding, but unmeaning.  
    Imagination fails,

Or wearied soon glides gladly down  
    To the far fields of time  
        On its own globe,  
To rest beneath the Almighty wing,  
Or sleep beneath the shade of Him  
Who made and keeps them all,  
    The small and great,  
And finds its place for the frail insect of the fleeting hour,  
As for the archangel of immortal strength.

---

Ye men of loftiest mind, of whom our race is proud,  
Who ever on time's bulwarks stand,  
Watching to win each ray of light  
God sends to earth from sun or star,  
    A message from eternity.  
Ye pioneers of knowledge pure,  
Inspired by God to mount to glorious heights,  
Or dive deep down into far depths of space,  
And bright recesses of the glowing stars,  
Teach us to guess our rank in heavenlies.

---

Yet grant that as a grain of sand upon the beach we  
    prove,  
Or as a drop of brine to ocean's depths,  
Still all unshaken as the granite rock  
    By idle winds,

Firm rests our faith.  
We can believe that the Omnipotent  
Knew well earth's measurements and place,  
And its relations to His Universe  
    Ere he gave pledge to us  
    Of life beyond the tomb,  
    And blessedness,  
And filled our hearts with spirit instincts high,  
And aspirations reaching far, far past the flight of time,  
    When man's small vital spark  
    Shall glow as living flame.

---

Ah! what is bulk material to the spirit's worth?  
    And what is matter that decays  
    To the soul's life?  
Do the mind's lofty powers depend  
    On size of their abode?  
Think ye that God compares His blessed breath,  
    (For such is human soul)  
    With magnitude material?  
Judge not man's future by his embryo,  
    Nor argue forth his destiny  
    From his small nursery.

---

For God set man above material things;  
On small or greater scales indifferently.

For quantities do not change quality,  
Therefore  
He is superior to yon orb of wide magnificence,  
As to the tiny spark.  
If grain of sand be nothing to a soul,  
So neither is the earth,  
Nor myriad earths,  
Though full of diamond and gold,—  
For such weigh naught against a human soul,—  
More than a dust speck, or a water drop.

---

What is the casket to the jewel's worth?  
What is the tent to its inhabitant?  
What is the infant in its helplessness  
To glorious manhood, strong in heart and will,  
Fertile in mind, and godlike in his power?  
Can mortal estimate immortal life,  
Unborn as yet into the spirit land?

---

Doubtless these orbs compared to earth,  
Dwarf it in size almost to nothingness.  
But these, or great, or small, are matter merely,  
Not soul nor mind.  
And though the veil that curtains them were rent,  
And we beheld them tenanted  
By beings as much loftier than man

As these in size exceed this globe,  
Still steadfast trust we in God's word ;  
    For is not God Almighty free  
    To do His holy will ?  
And chose the youngest, weakest, and least worthy  
    Of His sons,  
And dwell in tenderest love with those  
Who, having strayed, do need him most :  
For this we know, God's love and care are free,  
    And not exclusive,  
    For God is God.  
    His ways are not like ours,  
    Nor judgeth he like man ;  
But high as heaven transcendeth earth,  
So high His thoughts rise beyond ours,  
    More glorious and more true,  
    More loving and more good,  
    Infinitely.

---

Will God, then, passing angels, visit man  
So weak, so ill, so small ?  
Or will the odds between the small and great  
    Be aught to God ?  
    Infinite God !  
Or will the gap between the high archangel  
    And mankind  
    Seem aught to Him,

To whom all things created are as naught,  
Spoke into being by His word,  
Or rising at the secret will  
Of His omnipotence?

---

Ah No!  
For greatness never was our planet chosen ;  
And not for goodness,  
But to show forth on human woe and weakness  
The blessed attributes  
Of the Almighty Love.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### CALL TO ZION.

AWAKE ! awake ! Put on thy strength,  
Oh Zion !  
Clothe thyself with thy garments of beauty,  
Oh Jerusalem, the holy city !  
For henceforth there shall no more come unto thee  
The uncircumcised or the unclean.  
Shake thyself from the dust !  
Arise and sit down,  
Oh Jerusalem !  
Loose thyself from the bands of thy neck,  
Oh captive daughter of Zion ! \*

---

And from the redeemed possession of Zion's king,  
The realms of light and love,  
Sorrow and sighing, and pain and sin, and all unkindness,  
Self-conceit, and all haughty reserve,  
All coldness, unfairness, and selfish oppression,  
Despotic rule, and lawless rebellion,

\* Isaiah lii.



And whatsoever loveth or maketh a lie  
Are fled away for ever ;  
For the seed of the woman hath bruised  
The serpent's head.

---

What ancient prophets sung is now fulfilled :  
Israel the chosen is redeemed,  
And the fair earth restored.

---

But the glories of *this* kingdom mortal eye hath never seen,  
Nor hath mortal ear ever caught  
The sound of its harmonies,  
Nor hath it entered into the heart of man  
To conceive of its blessednesses.  
Human tongue could not tell of them,  
Mortal hand could not paint them,  
Flesh and blood could not inherit them.

---

But loved as the true husband loves  
The wife of his youth,  
With all the fresh strength of his manly heart,  
Bending ever his admiring eyes fondly upon her youthful  
beauty,  
Now all his own ;  
Enchanted with her rosy smiles  
And wealth of womanly affection

Warm from the heart ;  
Bewitched with the innocence of her tender love,  
    Exclusively his,  
Responding ever to her heart's fond yearning ;  
Entranced with her virgin modesty,  
    Humble, and holy,  
Honouring her virtue pure and stern, and trusty ;  
    So is this bride beloved  
By Him who loved her even to death.  
    So doth He love,  
    Faint though the emblem be.

---

He hath set her as a seal upon His heart,  
    As a seal upon His arm ;  
    For His love is strong as death,  
    His jealousy cruel as the grave ;  
It burneth as a fierce flame—vehemently,  
    Many waters cannot quench it.

---

Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away !  
For lo ! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone,  
    The flowers appear upon the earth,  
And the time of the singing of birds has come.  
Lo ! the day breaks and the shadows flee away !  
Turn, my beloved, and be like a young roe  
    On the mountains of spices.

No more shall ye be called forsaken ;  
But as a crown of glory in the hands of your Lord,  
And as a diadem of beauty shall ye be.

---

As the springtime, when the winter is over and gone,  
As the break of day, when the shadows flee away,  
So is this glorious cloudless morn,  
Clear shining after rain.

---

Behold the young earth roseate glows,  
At her high Lord's approach !  
And her sweet blushes deepen—deepen yet,  
And the soft shadows fall,  
Like eyelids of the morn.

## CHAPTER XV.

### SONG OF THE MORNING STARS.

YE morning stars, break forth in gladdest joy,  
Sing with unfettered mirth  
And deep heart-love to God ;  
Pour freely forth your ardent hearts devout,  
Tender with sympathy  
For this loved lost one found.  
Far deeper cause have ye for joyful song  
Than when ye once with wonder viewed  
The new-made earth  
In her first loveliness.

---

Come, morning stars of light !  
Wake up again these strains so sweet,  
Ye sang of old together  
O'er the young earth,  
When first she shone  
Beneath her maker's smile,  
Child-like.

Chant yet again her young life's tale,  
Tell of her wondrous birth,  
God's six days' glorious work,  
And of the sacred joy that filled your heart  
In greeting thus your sister star,  
Newborn.

---

Let myriad sons of light,  
And far and near  
Inspired by one deep love,  
Praise Him for blessed revealings of Himself,  
Unknown, till He to man—lost man—  
Declared infinite love  
Before heaven's holy hosts ;  
In deeds—words could not tell.

---

Rejoice ye in His acts of mighty power  
And earnest pity,  
In new creating thus  
Strong out of weak,  
Love out of hate,  
Eternal good from one day's ill !  
High cause have ye for sweetest praise,  
Ye loving stars of light,  
Sons of eternal dawn.

Lift up your voices, blessed! sing loud to God with  
strength.

Well pleased He listens still,  
As your sweet songs roll on triumphantly  
In one unbroken harmony of joy,  
Pouring out heart-good will.  
Give highest glory to the living God ;  
Louder and louder yet let your sweet voices swell  
On every breeze,  
Waking the mystic lyres that sleep in heaven's air ;  
Tune your true mellow hearts to welcome back  
Your wandering sister, lost erewhile,  
But now twice born, redeemed and fair ;  
Go, lead her forth to fill her place once more,  
And tread in humbleness  
Her own bright path  
Majestic, midst the heavenly stars,  
Nearer to God.

---

Softly they touch the melting notes  
That fall like tears upon the tender heart,  
And sad and doleful tell  
Of tempted Adam's fall.  
How clouds of envious demons hasten on,  
Dark powers of night  
With Satan at their head  
Blackening the face of earth,

Till then so fresh and green  
And bright as childhood's face.  
Legions of demons foul encompass her  
Like mists of pestilence.  
Now—is she hid from heaven's light,  
Now—falls she tottering from her glorious sphere,  
Undone !

---

Hark ! they bemoan the tears of the oppressed.  
No comforter have they,  
Protector, none.  
But on the oppressor's side there resteth still  
Resistless power.

---

From this wild woe is no deliverance found ?  
For evermore—will the relentless revel  
Over his helpless prey.  
Can none his brother rescue from the foe ?  
Redeemer is there none for this lost race ?  
And must all perish in one overthrow  
Unpitied ?  
Doth God not see ?  
Will the red bolts of death  
Sleep silent ever in the thunder clouds  
Of the Almighty's wrath ?

Now tender breath faint quivers on the lips  
Of these blessed sons of God ;  
Now swells the liquid song in pathos deep.

---

“ Ye were not made for grief,  
Ye loving ones !  
Nor yet to bear such weight of woe,  
Even sympathetic.  
Dwell not too long on this sad history,  
Lest sorrow mar your song,  
And ye forget earth's day of woe is past,  
For ever past.  
Sing soft, ye radiant sons of holy calm,  
Nor grief indulge too far,  
Lest your indignant pity break your hearts.”

---

But no ; their souls are stirred,  
Their hearts refuse restraint ;  
With wild emotion trembling in each tone  
Once more they paint the gleaming light  
That dies away and leaves benighted earth  
All shrouded in a cloud-like night,  
Forsaken of her God,  
Forsaken and alone !  
A homeless wanderer.



And from their saddened souls the music dies,  
The golden lyres drop from their trembling hands ;  
*Die* from their holy lips these sweet love tones ;  
Faint and yet fainter grows their pitying breath,  
Till silent, all  
In mute grief stand amazed.

---

Whilst sorrow's stillness spreads around,  
Hark ! rolling on, a tide of glorious song,  
Floating aloft on all the airs of heaven,  
Devout love-tones of gratitude rise high  
From holy earth,  
And fly far, far along, swift as the light,  
Breaking in billows of sweet sound,  
And swelling wide and high  
Like mighty ocean's roll—  
Impetuous and strong.  
But rising sweet like fragrance to the sun  
From the meek flowers,  
Dawning like morning on the eye of night,  
Or melting clear, like music o'er the sea  
In moonlight calm !

---

Surprised with joy—as if entranced !  
All eager listen—in those stars of light,  
Listening,  
Listening silently,

All breathless with delight,  
To catch those sweet wild strains that float,  
From that fair ransomed orb.  
Silent—none long could listen to such song !  
Earth leading on  
The sacred fire is caught from soul to soul,  
And flies on the fleet wings of joy  
From globe to globe,  
In those glad realms of light.

---

Triumphant swells the music of the spheres,  
And all united in one tide of joy,  
From one wide heart  
Pour forth the gushing torrents of deep love  
To God most high.  
Angel and cherub, seraphim and men,  
One spirit in them all,  
Unite in adoration to earth's Lord,  
Heaven's king !  
Rolling God's praises on from star to star,  
Through glowing fields of light !

---

As when a landscape veiled in lowering gloom,  
With sharp winds sweeping through her sighing glens,  
Feels the glad heat of the bright noon-day sun,  
When his keen rays look on the envious clouds,

Till shamed, they weep their watery hearts away  
That screened his light ;  
With nature's magic all the scene is changed.  
The bitter blast that revelled on the plain,  
Rebuked, tunes in its angry breath  
To zephyrs soft and low.  
And glorious lights chase all the gloom away,  
A glow enchanting spreads o'er all the scene,  
And nature bathed in smiles  
Reflects the loving light from hill and dell ;  
And every creature God has made  
In water or in air,  
Or on the land, or in the boundless sea,  
And heart of man and child  
Are filled with gladsomeness.  
The little birds tune their sweet throats for joy,  
And the wide ocean swells from her deep heart,  
Calming her rough sea-songs  
To warblings wild and low,  
And gently heaves her bosom uncontrolled,  
Complacent with delight.

---

So have I seen the drooping flowers,  
Drenched with untimely dews,  
Hang down their heads to die ;  
Till the all-cheering sun, returning swift,  
Loves back their hearts to life !

Unconsciously they own his pitying beams,  
Lifting their faces meek to feel the rays  
From his warm heart,  
Responding inwardly  
To the mild breezes which he brings  
To fan their fainting souls  
Back into life.  
Proud of his love they conscious raise their arching necks,  
All one by one.

---

*Even thus revived*, these glorious sons of God,  
Though late like lilies drooping pale,  
Now nobly raise their heads with grace  
From off their swelling breasts,  
While answering to their radiant joy  
The fair earth smiles.

---

Haste on, ye stars of heavenly dawn,  
To meet your sister earth,  
And lead her forth in joyful-dance,  
Encircling with wide arms of love  
Her beauteous state ;  
As onwards she ascends in heaven's highway,  
Freighted with blessings—for far worlds of light,  
Clad with a brilliant halo of celestial dye,  
Fresh from the Godhead's hand  
On this creation morn.

With swelling chords of mellow depth,  
Break now majestic forth  
In rich heart-welcomings.  
With gracious honour meet  
To win her loving heart,  
Rejoicing thus—as once ye wept  
Responsive to her tears.  
Cordial—bring each your tribute of rich light  
Of loving power magnetic,  
For such a time  
Reserved by God,  
To celebrate this hallowed day  
Of heavenly rest.

---

Go ! guide her fondly in her glorious path,  
In airy movements, with meek gladsome grace  
Circling around,  
Or follow reverent in her train,  
Admiring still unceasingly  
The chosen of the Lord.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### ANGELS.

Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness,  
All glorious—as the daughter of a king?

Her maidens following :  
Each one is clothed in white.

---

Yea, who is this, looking forth as the morning,  
Fair as the moon,  
Clear as the sun,  
And terrible as an army with banners?

---

Lo ! this, the perfect Bride,  
Wife—of the Lamb of God ;  
She comes—on her beloved leaning.

---

## THE BRIDE.

## PART I.

WE would, but cannot tell  
Of her soul's lofty gifts,  
And wondrous mind,  
Whence—as from mystic font  
Leap forth spontaneous, beauteous thoughts,  
Free-born of truth.  
Or flash like lightning fires  
To depths unknown, or heights sublime,  
To roam and range through all the Universe unchecked,  
Unlimited by time or place,  
Nor fruitless to return.  
But who can gauge the immortal spirit's power?  
Nor care we long to linger here ; with curious gaze,  
The eager eye hastes on  
To heights more wondrous still,  
Even to the glory that excels,—  
The moral grace  
(Supreme in womanhood),  
Where only love finds rest.

---

Lo ! on her face dwells such sweet grace,  
As holy sorrow leaves  
On child-like souls.

For ever freed from spot or taint of sin,  
Or marring wrinkle worn by grief,  
She lives with Him whose face in heaven  
The pure behold,  
Reflecting back His glory more and more,  
For ever.

---

And as a tale that hath been told,  
All suffering past  
Has left on her calm, beauteous brow  
A pitying thought serene,  
Of Love Divine,  
Soft as a holy tear,  
And yet not sad :  
Like to the mellow light  
Of a blessed eventide ;  
When through the clouds it streams on hill and dell,  
On forest tree, and meadow flower ;  
Or falls in beauty on the sleeping lake,  
Or like young rays of early dawn ;  
When evening tears and storms of night  
Have cleared the skies,  
And the fresh morn lifts up her glowing face  
Tender as innocence,  
And sheds on all—celestial smiles  
Of softest love and light ;  
Or like the first blush of the maiden snow



Upon the heights  
Under the eye of heaven.

---

All sorrow past—has left rich fruit,  
Varied as from life's tree,  
And from her softened soul  
Flow sympathies divine,  
Wide as the brother-hood of spirits blessed  
(For she has glorious work to do, here undivined).  
Grief hath bequeathed her power  
To read all spirit life,  
And dive into the depths of other hearts  
With impulse of strong will—to feel for all  
By love's most sweet necessity.  
And earthly agonies, and mortal pangs  
Have left a tender thought, aye ready still  
To wake at slightest call—  
Like mother's love,  
Such love all human souls must learn on earth  
In silent grief:  
When, taught of God, and tried,  
Their chastened hearts in trust—bow low,  
Drinking the love that must o'erflow,  
Being His—the Infinite.

---

A melting softness dwells  
Within her liquid eyes,

And chastened fire,  
Like stars in ether blue,  
Or holiest passions in the breast  
Of heaven's purity.

---

And in her heart there rests  
A softened tone of olden memories  
That sleep in the far past,  
A mellow wisdom learned from weary woe,  
And innocence of second childhood—  
Guileless, and sweet, and glad as infancy,  
But fleeting never.  
Made steadfast by the bitter strife  
Of mortal life's hard school.  
And she has washed in that blessed font  
That leaves no stain,  
And angels holy long to look  
Upon her life sublime.  
And on its glorious purity  
They gaze with wondering awe;  
But fathom ne'er its depths  
Of living love, that still intensifies  
And elevates her life by high affection's power,  
To closer union with her Head Supreme.

---

For not in vain He led her through fierce trials,  
To mould the gold and beautify

The seven times purified—  
Bearing her onward on affliction's tide,  
Cold, dark, and wild;  
Till on a "Rock" he set her feet  
On these blessed shores of light.

---

But still a quietude of mild repose  
And modest shame,  
Meek blushing under heaven's smile,  
Sits midst her graces sweetest,  
Dearest to Him who loves her most,  
And touching—more than angels' song,  
To him whose life-blood made her His  
For evermore.

---

Nor yet in vain has she endured  
Temptation from the wily snake,  
And sore defeat.  
Well has he taught God's own—and thoroughly,  
To hate his crooked guile  
From cruel experience of its bitter fruit  
(Though such blessed schooling ne'er did he intend,  
Nor to fulfil God's good designs),  
But loathing now sin's turpitude,  
And base ingratitude, with her whole heart,  
She is forearmed, distrustful of herself,

Since hell's malicious ends, have taught  
Her need of heaven's help ;  
Nor can fell demon tempt her more,  
Though as a prince he come  
Glittering in changeful witcheries,  
With dazzling spells of false delight,  
And graceful movements timed  
To melodies he learned above.  
Yea, even though decked in bright array  
Of fairest light  
Stolen from heaven's armoury,  
He should intrude with polished mien.  
And oily tongue,  
Offering his deadly poison draughts  
In golden goblets bright—with honied lip,  
Or venom hid in fairest fruit,  
With feigned benevolence.

---

From guile demoniac—she wisdom learned ;  
From disobedience—ardour to obey ;  
From faithlessness—faith's earnest purity ;  
From pride repulsive—sweet humility ;  
From meanest falsehood—thirst for highest truth ;  
From fiendish malice—proved the love of God  
Unspeakable, that breathed new light  
Into her soul benumbed,  
Till bright it glowed with the warm heart's response,

Such as can never die,  
For Love is Life.

---

And like a child  
Late smarting underneath the rod  
In a wise father's stern, unwavering hand—  
Who feels more than the wrath  
The warmth of love, that folds him, penitent  
Close to his ample breast with passionate embrace,  
Thus sounding richer depths  
In the parental heart,  
Learning to read the meaning of his frown  
In his true love ;  
Proving emotions blessed—latent till now,  
And learning thus a Father's rights  
And sovereignty divine ;  
Till in his hand the chastening rod  
Is humbly kissed with will resigned  
And wisdom of the softened heart ;  
Thus holy springs of love that flow from fatherhood  
Set free,  
Flow down in blessings on son-life,  
Drawing their hearts responsive back,  
In filial trust with love untold—  
So, has she learned the Father's love,  
By discipline of earth.

Hark ! in sweet melodies her voice  
Swells from the shores of peace,  
Sweeter than angel's song ;  
Or the fond turtle's moan.  
Now earnest, warbling deep and clear,  
Love's holiest passion trembling on her lips,  
As, soft and low the tender tones  
Pour blessed emotions from her glowing breast ;  
Now heaving with the ardour of high thought,  
Or melting down to silent depths of love.

---

Warm glows her smile as Sharon's rose ;  
Her deep eyes, full of love's glad light,  
Glance as the healthful waters clear,  
Of Heshbon's depths ;  
With touching grace their drooping lids  
Chasten their lustrous fire.  
Her buoyant step,  
True to the harmonies on high,  
Falls light, like joy, upon the listening heart,  
Softer than dew.

---

Inspired by God—her breath—love's life  
Is health,  
Fresh as the violets at dawn,  
Or hallowed incense from earth's grateful heart,

Uprising to her star at eventide ;  
Wisdom—a glorious diadem—  
Rests on her placid brow,  
While brilliant rays—  
Like the glad sunbeam's sparkling dance  
On jewelled crown,  
Or smiles of joy on a child's guileless face—  
Play midst its gems,  
And lose themselves mid raven locks  
That oft reveal in flowing grace  
Temples of radiant spirit light,  
Transparent in their loveliness,  
And delicate as day,  
Pale—breaking beauteously  
Through slumbering clouds of night.

---

Round her she gathers with sweet bashful grace  
A veil mysterious of spotless white,  
Soft, shading glories which she cannot hide,  
For closer as she draws it round  
More lustrous it becomes :  
The inner light electric flowing  
Midst the transparent folds  
Of its high purity.

---

And fair as the lily with her spotless bosom,  
Fragrant and pure

As the brilliant snow on the mountain top,  
Clean and white,  
Yea, as Eve in her first beauty,  
But fairer far,  
As the blooming bride adorned for her husband,  
Radiant in love,  
Modest as a maiden's blush,  
And comely as her smile,  
Genial as summer's balmy air,  
And guileless as a child,  
Simple as holy seraphim,  
And faithful as the truth,  
Shy as the bright electric glance,  
From virgin breast inspired,  
Revealing depths of love—that sleep  
In secret peace..  
Glad as the wife of youth  
To welcome back her husband from the wars  
Clad with his victories.  
As ocean glorious smiling to the sun,  
If o'er her ample bosom he arise,  
Pouring down floods of light ;  
Joyous as forest-songs, and ravishing  
As when the birds of spring  
Wake up their sweetest minstrelsies ;  
Affectionate as childhood's hallowed heart  
To parents ever loved and feared ;  
And steadfast as the stars



Is this chaste virgin—of immortal birth.  
As royal maiden of the ancient line,  
Queen-like she walks in regal dignity ;  
Each stately step  
Tells of the glorious liberty  
Of the blessed—sons of God.  
By His own spirit filled  
With that most heavenly gift,  
Unfettered love.

In its own essence free,  
Itself—God's highest law,  
Whose fervency, nor brooks, nor needs control,  
Its burning essence rising up to God,  
In purest flame,  
Impatient to be nearer God,  
And liker to her Lord.

Conscious her soul of heaven's nobility,  
Her bearing high, tells of celestial birth ;  
As when a Prince throws off his captor's chain,  
And his freed soul returns triumphantly  
Back to his country  
And his father's home.

Yet, humble, as the veiled ones  
Within the holiest,  
Waiting with joy to do God's will,  
So she, with listening ear intent,  
And meekest grace of womanhood ;  
Obedient—ah !—a higher word

Must tell the ardour of her will  
To accomplish *His*.  
With all the unspent impulses of love  
Alive within her soul,  
For in her heart, his fervent spirit dwells,  
His life in hers.

---

And as all rays of colour form pure light,  
So in her life all graces meet,  
Reflected from her Lord,  
All tints of beauty blended into one  
Of glorious purity.

Like flowers that burst forth at the voice of Spring,  
Like warm pulse throbbing to the heart's emotion,  
Like the hands' movements to the spirit's will,  
Like the true needle trembling to her pole,  
Like the prompt echo to her waking call,  
So is her heart's response unto her Lord.  
For adoration from her being's depths  
Exalts her soul  
To sympathy divine,  
Till her whole being burns  
With wrapt devotion to her Lord.  
He is her light, her life, her hope, her joy,

Her strength, her rock, her sole desire,  
Her good supreme, her blessedness,  
Her chosen Lord,  
Her All.

---

Not slave-like is her love—  
Perfect, it knows no fear—  
But all unfettered, as the wild winds free,  
That sweep along the seas  
Untamably.  
Though meeker than the lowly flowers,  
That hide their loveliness;  
And nobly reverent,  
With hallowed spirit awe,  
Yea, as the heart's first, fondest, deepest, truest love,  
Constant, content, and pure,  
And loving, more than that most loving power  
On earth,  
That type of God,  
A mother's heart  
Or father's pity,  
Is this redeemèd bride,  
Trained for the glad espousals of eternity  
By God,  
The Father, Son, and Spirit blessed,  
Almighty love!

THE END.



This God—  
Oh ye seed of Israel !  
Beloved of God and chosen—  
Is thy God, thy king, thy Saviour !  
And this the God  
Before whose throne our deepest being bows,  
And our whole hearts  
With love ineffable  
Adore.

---

Peace be within thy walls, Jerusalem !

---

For if the casting away of Israel for a time  
Be the reconciling of the world,  
What will the receiving of them be,  
But life from the dead ?









